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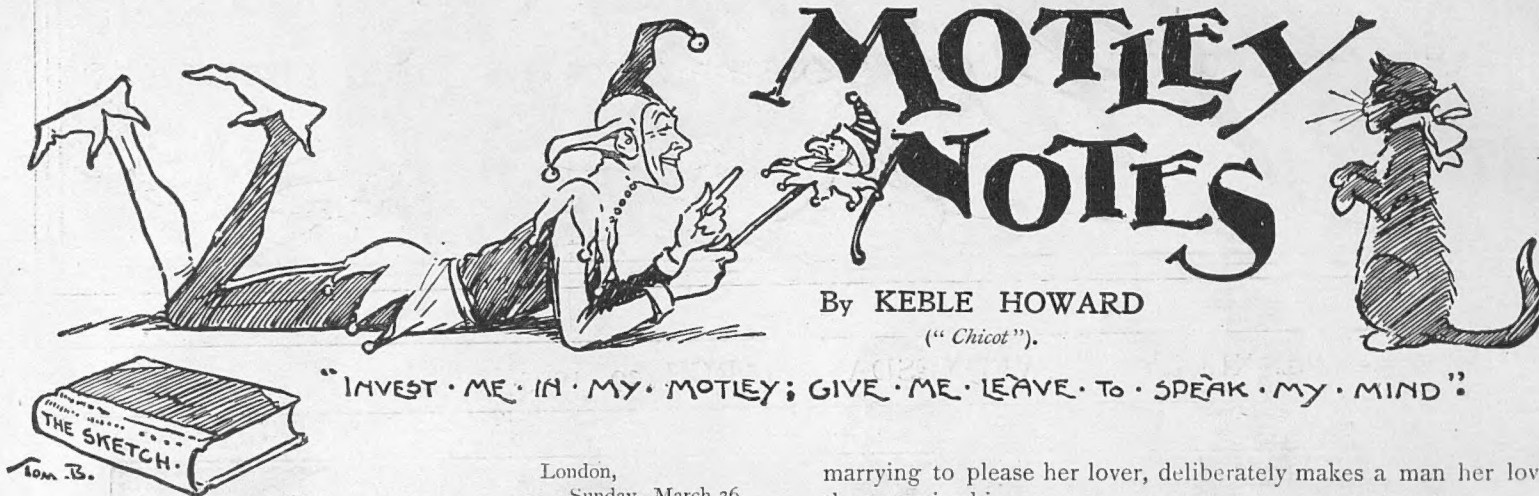
SIXPENCE.



LONDON'S NEW ACTRESS-MANAGER: MISS ETHEL IRVING.

Miss Marie Tempest's short season in New York will give Miss Ethel Irving an opportunity for which she has been waiting for a considerable time, and the young actress who made so great a success in "The Way of the World" and "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," to say nothing of musical-comedy, will shortly make her first appearance as an actress-manager at the Criterion. She will play in Mme. de Gresac's comedy "Chou," which has been translated by Mr. Charles Brookfield. Mme. de Gresac is, of course, part-author of "La Passerelle," better known here as "The Marriage of Kitty."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



London,
Sunday, March 26.

IN last week's "Motley Notes," you may remember, I mentioned that I had received a letter from a correspondent signing herself "Man's Natural Enemy," in which my six reasons for asserting that a woman has a better time than a man were flatly contradicted. Of my unfailing gallantry, I quoted the contradictions, but, as a solace to my pride, invited my correspondent to send me six reasons why a man has a better time than a woman, in order that, in my turn, I might do a little contradicting. Well, "Man's Natural Enemy" has accepted the challenge. Here are her statements—

- (1) Because he has more opportunities for self-control.
- (2) Because there are fewer temptations he need resist.
- (3) Because he can make love instead of being made love to.
- (4) Because men are more kind to each other than women.
- (5) Because when he marries, he does so to please himself; a woman usually to please her lover.
- (6) Because he can be better than the best woman, but not worse than the worst.

It is now my painful privilege to prove each of these assertions wrong. Of course, when I use the word "prove," I really mean something quite different. There is no possibility of proof, one way or the other. So much having been said by way of preface, let us to the lists—

(1) I am not quite sure what this means, if, indeed, it means anything. My correspondent, I suppose, intends to say that a man has more opportunities for self-control because he is subjected to more temptations. In that case, I am afraid that I must still accuse her of talking nonsense. There is not much actual amusement to be obtained from the resisting of temptation. (I am taking it for granted, by the way, that this discussion is to be conducted on pagan lines.)

(2) Judging from this curious observation, my correspondent would agree. Assertion the second, however, wipes out assertion the first. If a man is to be envied on account of the opportunities life affords him for the exercise of self-control, then he is to be pitied, in comparison with a woman, when his acts of virtue are supererogatory.

(3) This is more straightforward. It is also more amusing. Picture to yourself, friend the reader, the modern man in the act of making love. He stares at his boots, pulls his moustache, removes a wisp of cotton from his sleeve, sniggers occasionally, and says, "Oh, I don't know so much about that." He is right. He knows nothing whatever about it. The woman, though, cannot plead ignorance. She does not make love: heaven forbid! But she catches his eye at intervals of a minute, and leads the conversation into intimate, dangerous channels. And the pleasure, as everybody admits, is in the chase.

(4) This, to a certain extent, is true. I have already explained, though, that women are less sensitive than men. The sneers and slights of their sisters trouble them very little. Men, on the other hand, being less emotional, are slower to make both friends and enemies. Women quarrel, and make it up, and quarrel again all in the space of a fortnight. When a man makes a real friend, he keeps him. When he makes an enemy, he keeps him. In fact, the point has nothing to do with the question under consideration.

(5) Here, again, I must refer my correspondent to a previous reply. I have given it as my opinion that women are more skilful players at the game of love than men. The making of love, indeed, is almost entirely a woman's game. A man may fancy that he is making love very nicely, but that merely goes to show the superior cleverness of the woman. It follows, therefore, that a man does not marry; he is married. A woman, on the contrary, so far from

marrying to please her lover, deliberately makes a man her lover and then marries him.

(6) My correspondent, it is evident, does not think very highly of her own sex. I do, though, and that is why I shall hasten to conclude this battle with the most strenuous contradiction of all. It is easier for a woman, I think, to reach the heights than for a man. It rarely happens, though, that a woman sinks so low as a man. For example, have you ever seen a woman consciously and deliberately ill-treating a dumb animal? Men do that every day. And a man who will bully a horse or a dog will do any other villainous thing that involves no unpleasant consequences to himself.

There! I have done my deadliest, dear correspondent. Before we part, let me thank you for the very patient hearing that I am sure you have given to my chatter. And let me repeat, once again, that all these remarks are based upon the idle gossip of the profoundly ignorant. Your own remarks, on the contrary, were evidently based upon a wilful misunderstanding of the profoundly wise.

Another letter forwarded to me by my Editor comes from a "Constant Reader" of *The Sketch*, who is bold enough to admit that he cannot appreciate the "Sime Zoology." "What a blessing," he says, "that the hideous forms of these 'Beasts That Might Have Been' never existed except in the imagination of the artist." So far, I agree with "Constant Reader." Few of us, I think, would sleep quietly o' nights if such awesome monsters as the "Two-Tailed Sogg," the "Zoom," the "Three-Legged Blarm," the "Moonijim," the "Fleinikorn," and others were prowling about the earth or swooping through the air. Should we not, however, feel grateful to Mr. Sime for having shown us some of the evils that we have been spared? "Surely," continues "Constant Reader," "he could employ his talents more profitably, or, at any rate, in a more pleasing form, than by depicting such ugly, loathsome, and horrible creatures." Well, here is another matter that does not admit of argument. "Constant Reader" may be interested to learn, though, that the "Sime Zoology" has attracted more attention in artistic circles during the past few weeks than any other series of drawings appearing in the illustrated weeklies. In other words, had Mr. Sime not made his reputation years ago, he would have made it with "Beasts That Might Have Been."

Having said so much, I will admit that the two drawings of his that appeal most strongly to myself are "The Gate of Heaven" and "The Dream of the Woman of Char." Both appeared in *The Sketch*—the latter so recently that everybody will remember it. The former was published a week or two before Christmas, 1903. It showed a gentleman of Hebraic tendencies, whose love of luxurious living had caused him to swell to a terrible size, standing before the gate of heaven. His eyes were bulging with horror, for the gate was so narrow and low that none but the leanest of the lean might pass through it. High above the head of the miserable glutton towered the cold, marble wall that shut him out of Paradise, whilst, to the left, whither the alternative path led, the fires of hell belched forth volumes of dense smoke, pierced, here and there, with cruel tongues of flame. The drawing, indeed, was a powerful sermon, and I have no doubt that many people were persuaded thereby to keep their Christmas festivities within due bounds. "The Dream of the Woman of Char" differs from "The Gate of Heaven" inasmuch as it shows Mr. Sime in sympathetic rather than denunciatory mood. Had you ever thought, before seeing that picture, how terrible it must be to spend the greater portion of one's life scrubbing other people's floors and washing other people's steps? "It was my task to scrub the endless and gigantic stairs which are neither here nor there. I had no water, but my tears fell in great abundance." Read mark, and learn, ye that pass by!

OUR POLYGLOT POLICE: POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.



"Yesterday the Home Secretary informed Mr. Claude Hay that about one hundred members of the Metropolitan force are now learning Yiddish and other foreign tongues 'to qualify themselves for the effective discharge of their duties among the alien population.'"—DAILY PAPER.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

All Honour to Kuropatkin—The German Doves of Peace—Raisuli and the Kaiser—A Flag for the Army Council—The Decadence of the Tall Hat.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN has gained the admiration of every soldier of every nation by his noble conduct in asking to be allowed to serve where he previously commanded. I can recall many instances in our own history when Generals who had a right to assert seniority and take away the command from a successful junior have not done so, and have been content to assist the rising General; but I cannot remember any parallel to the present case, where the commander, superseded by his subordinate, has asked leave to serve under the latter.

The hearts of soldiers are the same all the world over. With us, if a General cares for

his men, sees to their creature comforts, and is personally popular, no reverses he may suffer destroy his popularity, and the

men whose comrades have been killed are quite willing to go into action again and again if he orders them. One has only to think of our Generals who are the great favourites with the rank-and-file to know that this is often the case. And with the Russians it is the same. Those soldiers who gave Kuropatkin an ovation when he went South to take up his command of the First Army, and ran alongside the train throwing up their caps, and those men of

the retreating force, who cheered just as lustily when he came amongst them, forgot their defeats, recognised the patriot, the stout fighting-man, the General who at the crisis of a fight is always there to lead in person, and rejoiced in his presence as though the spirit of victory was with him.

While the Queen of England drives through the streets of Lisbon and showers of rose-leaves fall upon her, the German Emperor prepares for his cruise to the South by one of his characteristic speeches. A great German statesman said, the other day, that nothing gave his Emperor greater pleasure than to rouse the curiosity of Europe, and certainly he has achieved the art of making speeches which provoke discussion. His latest message of peace, with its allusion to sharpened bayonets and loaded cannon, seems to me a parallel to the launching of the newest Japanese warship. When that great purveyor of sudden death took the water, a hundred white doves of peace were freed and soared up into the air. The German Emperor is continually freeing conversational bouquets of white peace doves, but there is generally a new warship below them.

The great hall in Bremen, which called forth the Kaiser's remarks as to the German Navy, is certainly one of the most picturesque interiors in the world. I have always wondered that our restaurateurs, who are continually looking for some novelty in their dining-halls, have never thought of reproducing some of those stately chambers one sees in the German



AN ANTICIPATOR OF MODERN INVENTIONS:
THE LATE M. JULES VERNE.

So long as there is a public for the semi-scientific in sensational fiction, the name of Jules Verne, who may justly be said to have anticipated in his fiction many inventions that are now facts, is likely to remain a household word. His work is so well known that it is quite unnecessary to enter into detail. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Round the World in Eighty Days," "Five Weeks in a Balloon," and many other books hold a place in the juvenile heart second only to that held by "Robinson Crusoe."

Photograph by Nadar, Paris.

when it goes visiting stations. This is in loyal imitation of the Lords of the Admiralty. The Council has placed on its flag, the ground of which is the Union Jack, three cannon and a cannon-ball—indicating a shortage of ammunition, as one of the smoking-room wags remarked. This flag has already been productive of innumerable jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, in the Clubs, and it has been suggested that at the present time three

Free Cities, with the models of ships of all times hung from their ceilings. Perhaps, some day, when one of the finest sites for an hotel overlooking Portsmouth Harbour is discovered by a speculative syndicate, such a hall as the Germans have many of may be built.

The reception of the Kaiser in Morocco is sure to be very picturesque, and it may also have its humorous side. Will Raisuli allow the Emperor to leave without interviewing him? The brigand is now the Governor of two provinces, his most trusted Lieutenant has two other provinces under him, and the Europeans, on the assumption that an ex-poacher is the best gamekeeper, are delighted that Raisuli is now bound to give them protection. He certainly is the most interesting personality in Morocco, and, no doubt, will be anxious to meet the war-lord of Europe. The verbatim report of a conversation between the Emperor and the enlightened brigand would make very good reading.

The Army Council is to have a flag of its own which it can fly on State occasions,

jam-pots and a boot would be the most suitable emblems for the Council to hoist.

The trade organ of the tailors laments that the silk tall-hat is not worn so much now as it used to be. I always wonder that the hatters have been able to impose its wear upon us as long as they have. We live in a rainy country, and we wear a hat the appearance of which is spoiled by a few drops of rain, and ruined by a splash of mud. The shape of the hat is good, in that it does give some dignity to the appearance and that it has some air-space in it, but for ordinary wear I am sure that it is made of the wrong material. If cloth or felt were generally used, we should not take refuge in a cab at the fall of the first drops of a shower.

In my very humble opinion, the shining silk hat should only be worn when a man is in the costume in which he goes to a garden-party or to pay calls. When he puts on his best frock-coat, and most tasteful tie with his most bewitching pin stuck into it, when the tiny line of a white under-waistcoat is allowed to show, when his patent-leather boots shine like looking-glasses, when his gloves are of some light and glad some hue, then let him crown himself with the glistening silken hat. For workaday garb in London, let him have a hat of the same shape, but not of the same delicate constitution. The men in the hair-dressers' shops who make a princely living by ironing tall-hats, hat-makers, and cabmen might sorrow; but we should be spared the sight of our youth of to-day going about Piccadilly in "pot-hats" and "dittoes."



"PRINCE CHARLIE," AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE: SERGEANT G. KERR SMITH AS JAMES MACGREGOR.



"PRINCE CHARLIE," AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE: LANCE-SERGEANT DUNCAN TOVEY AS SIMON, LORD LOVAT.



Cameron of Lochiel (Sergeant R. Findlay). Prince Charlie (Pte. J. A. Bentham). Allan Macdonald (Pte. J. F. Hay).

A PLAY BY A "SKETCH" ARTIST AND A MEMBER OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS: "PRINCE CHARLIE," BY S. H. SIME AND DUNCAN TOVEY, PRODUCED AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE.

Mr. S. H. Sime, whose work is so well known to readers of "The Sketch," and Mr. Duncan Tovey collaborated in the play "Prince Charlie; or, King of Highland Hearts," presented at the Great Queen Street Theatre last week for the benefit of the Queen Victoria School for the sons of Scottish sailors and soldiers. The piece, which was exceedingly well received, was played, so far as the male characters were concerned, by members of the London Scottish.

Photographs by W. S. Campbell.

STILL UNMARRIED: SOME BACHELOR PEERS.

Photographs by H. Walter Barnett, Langfieri, Maull and Fox, Helen McCaul, Gillman, Elliott and Fry, and Whyte.



EDWARD DOUGLAS LOCH, SECOND BARON LOCH.
(Born 1873.)

FREDERIC JOHN GERARD, THIRD BARON GERARD.
(Born 1883.)

EDWARD ST. LEGER, SIXTH VISCOUNT DONRAILE.
(Born 1866.)

CHARLES STUART HENRY ABBOTT, FOURTH BARON
TENTERDEN. (Born 1865.)

MARTIN BLADEN HAWKE, SEVENTH BARON HAWKE.
(Born 1860.)

CHARLES HENRY ALEXANDER PAGET, SIXTH MARQUESS
OF ANGLESEY. (Born 1885.)

SIMON JOSEPH FRASER, SIXTEENTH BARON LOVAT.
(Born 1871.)

HANS WELLESLEY HAMILTON, SECOND BARON
HOLMPATRICK. (Born 1886.)

IVO RICHARD VESEV, FIFTH VISCOUNT DE-VESEV.
(Born 1881.)

RICHARD FARRER HERSCHELL, SECOND BARON
HERSCHELL. (Born 1878.)

ANTHONY FRANCIS NUGENT, ELEVENTH EARL OF
WESTMEATH. (Born 1870.)

See Page 354.

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SOME BACHELOR PEERS.

(See Page of Portraits.)

THE number of unmarried Peers, comparatively small though it be—partly, no doubt, for the simple and obvious reason that few heirs of great names come into their heritage until they have passed the period generally recognised as "the marrying age"—is yet sufficient to provide cause for fluttering in many a Society dovecot. Such confirmed bachelors as Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner are, of course, not to be reckoned upon, but who shall say what brilliant matches have yet to be made, in view of the portraits of eligible Peers given on another page? That the list is not complete is evident, but it is, at least, long enough to give point to the remark. The youngest of those whose photographs are given—those whose birthdays fall within the eighteen 'eighties—are, of course, the Viscount De-Vesci, Baron Gerard, the Marquess of Anglesey, and Baron Holmpatrick. The first of these, who succeeded to the Viscounty two years ago, is a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards; Lord Gerard holds similar rank in the Lancashire Hussars (I.Y.), and succeeded in 1902; Lord Holmpatrick inherited his Barony in 1898, on the death of his father, who was a member of the Irish Privy Council and M.P. for Dublin for two-and-twenty years; the romantic details of the young Lord Anglesey's succession are too recent to need recapitulation.

Amongst those born in the 'seventies are, in order of seniority, the Earl of Westmeath, who came into the title in 1883; Lord Lovat, who succeeded in 1887; Lord Loch, who succeeded in 1900; and Lord Herschell, who succeeded in 1899. The first of these has been Attaché at Washington, and private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain when that pertinacious politician was Secretary for the Colonies; Lord Lovat was formerly an officer in the 1st Life Guards and the 2nd Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, and, at the head of Lovat's Scouts, his regiment of gillies, which he still commands, served in the Transvaal War; Lord Loch is Captain, Brevet-Major, and Adjutant of the Grenadier Guards, and has smelt powder in the Soudan and the Transvaal. Of the originals of the portraits of those Peers born in the 'sixties, the senior, Lord Hawke, needs little introduction—his name is one to be conjured with in that part of the great world that concerns itself with cricket; he was formerly Captain and Honorary Major in the 3rd Yorkshire Regiment, and he succeeded to the title in 1887. Lord Tenterden succeeded in 1882, and has served in the 3rd York and Lancaster Regiment; Lord Doneraile succeeded in 1891, and is a barrister of the Inner Temple.

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[April 3.

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POETESS, PLAYWRIGHT, NOVELIST, AND LEADER
OF FRENCH SOCIETY:
THE COUNTESS MATHIEU DE NOAILLES.
Photograph by Otto.

under Downing Street and that more immediately under the eye of Lord Curzon. A rough scheme of the Royal progress has already been mapped out. Bombay, "the city of contrasts," Delhi, "the most historic city of all historic India," Agra of the Taj Mahal, Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, Kashmir, and probably the Indian Aldershot, Rawalpindi, Peshawar, and the Khyber Pass, Calcutta, India's most British town, Hyderabad, "the last stronghold of mediævalism in Southern India," Mysore, and Madras, "our picture of India at home," are to be visited, all with the pomp and circumstance befitting the occasion. Swords of honour and addresses from civic bodies will be the only gifts accepted as outward and visible signs of the goodwill of the Empire to the Crown—as we have before remarked, a wise as well as an economical provision. The Prince, by the way, is said to be giving some time to the study of Hindustani, a graceful compliment to our greatest Dependency, in which he is following an example set by Queen Victoria.

The Commander of the "Renown."

Captain the Hon. Hugh Tyrwhitt, to whom, as Commander of the battleship *Renown*, will fall the honour of taking the Prince and Princess to India, may be said to be already, in a manner, connected with Court life, in that he is brother-in-law to Lord Knollys, who married his



A YORKSHIRE BRIDE-ELECT:
MISS WINIFRED PAYNE-GALLWEY,
ENGAGED TO MR. WALTER DONNE.
Photograph by Thomson.

of a family famous in the most sporting of England's counties. The Payne-Gallweys gave a grand account of themselves during the Civil Wars, the then chief of the family taking part in all the great conflicts, including the Battle of Worcester. Many years later, under the Georges, a Payne-Gallwey distinguished himself in the Navy, rising to such high rank that he was given the pleasant post of Commander of the Squadron which brought the brilliant Queen Caroline to England.

Poetess, Playwright, and Novelist.

The Countess Mathieu de Noailles is at the present moment the most interesting and remarkable Frenchwoman in Parisian Society. To tell truth, the brilliant poetess, who is regarded by some of her admirers as a feminine Swinburne, is not really French, for she has Roumanian and Greek blood in her veins, having been, before her marriage,

WHEN the Prince and Princess of Wales enter Bombay, that "most elaborate dream, infinite in variety, spinning with complexity, a gallery of strange faces, a buzz of strange voices, a rainbow of strange colours, a garden of strange growths, a book of strange questions, a pantheon of strange gods," as G. W. Steevens has it, they will have before them a tour as arduous as it should be valuable, behind them minute preparations that are even now engaging both the officialdom

Princess Anna de Brancovan. When still a child, she began writing poetry of merit, and three years ago the French Academy bestowed on her its Prize for Verse. She followed up her success as a poetess by publishing a strange, brilliant novel, and she is said to be on the eve of bringing out a play.

A Twentieth-Century Beauty.

Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson is one of the most picturesque figures in the great world, one, also, of two pretty sisters, of whom the elder, Lady Evelyn, will shortly become the wife of Captain Farquhar, D.S.O. Through her mother, who was a Tasmanian, the daughter of a distinguished General, Lady Norah can claim kinship with many

Colonial worthies, and she became, in a sense, connected with America by the marriage of her only brother, Lord Donoughmore, to Miss Elena Grace.



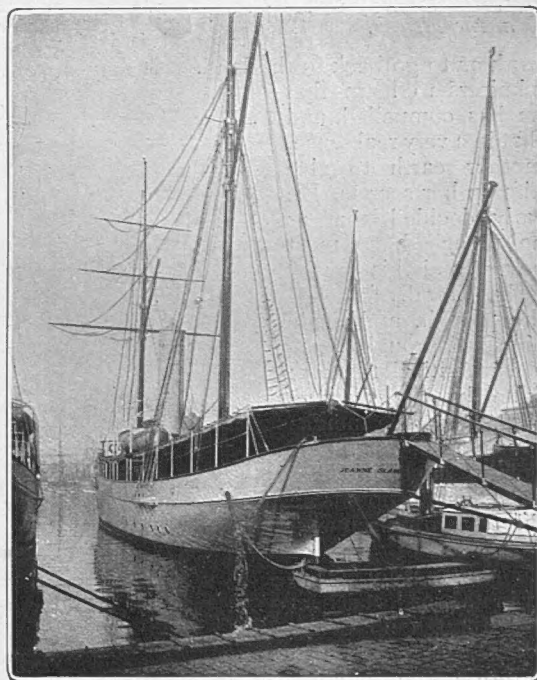
A TWENTIETH-CENTURY BEAUTY:
LADY NORAH HELY-HUTCHINSON.
Photograph by Langflier.

A Silent Minister. It cannot be said that the Marquess of Linlithgow has forced his way into the Cabinet by "the gift of the gab." On the contrary, he practises the silence which his countryman, Carlyle, preached. Tact and character have given him the Scotch Secretaryship. His first speech in that office in the House of Lords consisted mainly of a formal, written statement, every word of which he read,

adding only three or four sentences off-hand. When he thanked the House, with the air of a modest new Peer, for its patience, Lords on both sides gave him a kindly cheer. Lack of fluency is no bar to the good opinion of the Peers.

The Pepys of To-day.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who has completed his "Notes from a Diary" with two volumes, which bring the record up to 1901, is every whit as good a gossip as Pepys. He has met more than one generation of famous men at the Breakfast Club, and has dined with them at "The Club" and at Grillion's, where rival political leaders meet in amity. His fame was made by his Elgin Addresses. Nobody now takes the trouble to prepare such elaborate reviews of the politics of the world, because scarcely anybody would read them in a daily paper. Grant Duff's constituents, however, were proud to be associated with his speeches. He was not a Parliamentary success, but he has had an enormous number of distinguished friends and correspondents.



A YACHT FOR THE ONLY YACHTLESS EUROPEAN RULER:
THE "JEANNE BLANCHE," OFFERED TO M. LOUBET.

M. Fouquier, a wealthy candle-manufacturer of Montpellier, was so distressed at the fact that the President of the French Republic was the only ruler of a European State without a yacht, that, as we have already recorded in "The Sketch," he left his own yacht, the "Jeanne Blanche," for the use of the head of the Republic for the time being. The vessel, which was built ten years ago, is most luxuriously fitted, and is well known in the Mediterranean, where she has taken part in many regattas.

Photograph by Chusseau Flavien.



AN ORGANISER OF CHARITY ENTERTAINMENTS: MRS. ROBIN BARROW.

Photograph by Thomson.

much request when one of those great entertainments which now contribute such vast sums to the cause of charity are in question.

A Duchess with a Hundred and Fifty Descendants.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who will be ninety-three next July, is certainly the most remarkable nonagenarian living. Herself a Duke's daughter, and a grand-daughter, through her mother, of the famous Duchess of Gordon, she became the wife seventy-two years ago of that great noble who was early in his career nicknamed "Old Splendid." Among her hundred and fifty descendants are no fewer than four actual or potential wearers of the strawberry-leaves—the Dowager Duchess's own son, the present Duke of Abercorn; her grandson, the Duke of Marlborough; yet another grandson, eldest son and heir to the Duke of Buccleuch; and a great-grandson, the son of Mr. Victor Cavendish, who will, doubtless, one day find himself Duke of Devonshire. The venerable Dowager Duchess has also a unique claim to fame, and one which, strangely enough, did not befall Queen Victoria, though it might actually have done so. She is a great-great-grandmother, having become so on the birth of a little daughter to Lady Bertha Egerton, who is grand-daughter to the Dowager Duchess's eldest daughter, the Dowager Lady Lichfield.

A Literary Pegasus at the Plough.

workers to go back to the land. It may surprise some of his British admirers to learn that he has compelled, and that in a very real sense, mother earth to give him up her secrets. He early decided that as he preached, so must he act, and this is why he has literally followed the plough, and made himself thoroughly conversant with all the work done by the average peasant in the neighbourhood of his home. Tolstoy considers that every man should be able to keep himself with the help of manual labour. He is for equality in its broadest sense, and, though no writer living has given more beautiful and moving pictures of that class in Russia from which is drawn the domestic servant, he cannot bear to be waited on, and has taught all his children to do house-work and to accomplish every simple household task.

Mrs. Robin Barrow.

Mrs. Robin Barrow, who has of late been a delightful addition to that section of the smart world which concerns itself with the organisation of great charity entertainments, is one of the many daughters of Sir Walter and Lady Gilbey. She spent her youth at Elsenham Hall, so justly famed among British sportsmen and lovers of horses all the world over, for it would be difficult to overestimate the debt owed to Sir Walter by those who consider that the British Empire should be as supreme in the matter of the Shire-bred cart-horse as in everything else. Mrs. Barrow, who has inherited a good deal of her father's marvellous organising power, is, naturally, in



A DUCHESS WITH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY DESCENDANTS: THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.

Photograph by Thomson.

Lady Warwick a Grandmother.

The announcement that Lady Warwick has joined the large group of youthful-looking grandmothers who now form quite a feature of Society attracted much interest last week. Young Lady Helmsley, whose little daughter is not quite a year younger than her own sister, Lady Mercy Greville, is very clever and charming, though she does not recall her lovely mother at the same age. Lady Warwick's elder, and for so long only, daughter was brought up very simply and unconventionally; at one time she was a pupil at the Warwick High School for Girls. Lord Helmsley is the grandson and heir of Lord Feversham; he is an earnest, thoughtful young man, keenly interested in the condition of the London poor—indeed, at one time he joined an East-End Settlement—and he is credited with great political ambitions.



LADY WARWICK'S DAUGHTER: VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY.

Photograph by Bassano.

Not Places Within the Act.

An attempt is to be made by certain of the bookmakers of New York to avoid the penalties attaching to the breaking of the betting laws by doing their business by means of wireless telegraphy on board a steamboat stationed outside the three-mile limit. Should they succeed, their action will be an interesting parallel to that of the ingenious British "bookies," who have found, to their profit, that the sand-stretches left dry by the receding sea are not places within the meaning of the Act.

"New Place. Great Japan."

Japan has added a new island to her possessions, and this without having to prove her civilisation still further by the slaying of more Russians. Nature alone has to be thanked on this occasion, not the arts or crafts of man. In brief, the new territory is of volcanic origin, and it has appeared gradually in the Japan Sea, three knots to the southward of Iwo Island, to the accompaniment of awe-inspiring rumblings and clouds of black, white, and red smoke. Explored by ten of the more daring Iwo Islanders, it proved to be nearly two and three-quarter miles in circumference, to rise some four hundred and eighty feet above the sea, to possess a boiling lake to the north, and to consist, so far as its south coast is concerned, of steep rock hidden by a thick layer of earth. On the highest point, we have the authority of the *Telegraph's* correspondent for saying, the Japanese flag was raised, together with an inscription reading: "New place. Great Japan. Many banzais." The addition has been named Nūshima. "Many banzais," indeed.



A LITERARY PEGASUS AT THE PLOUGH: COUNT TOLSTOY PUTTING HIS PRECEPTS INTO PRACTICE.

Russia's grand old Socialist, Count Tolstoy, is by no means content to preach the policy of "Back to the Land" without putting his preaching into practice. For this reason, he has made himself conversant with every detail of the work of the average peasant in the neighbourhood of his estate, and he can frequently be seen tilling the fields.

From a Painting in the Tretiakoff Gallery, Moscow.

New-Comers in the Theatrical World.

The birth announcements of the last few days have contained at least two items of interest to all theatre-goers. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson are the proud parents of a daughter; and Mrs. Langtry, the ever-young, is doubly a grandmother, her daughter, the wife of Mr. Ian Malcolm, the popular Member for the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk, having given birth to her second son. Congratulations will be freely given to all.

"Mr. James Erskine's" Marriage.

The young Earl of Rosslyn, the announcement of whose marriage to Miss Anna Robinson took most people by surprise, is the fifth holder of the title, and has already contrived to play many of the parts attributed by Shakspeare to man in general. As "Mr. James Erskine," he is familiar to playgoers; as a soldier, he was with Thorneycroft's Horse at the Relief of Ladysmith, and was twice captured by the Boers; as business-man he has "travelled"; as a speculator with a system, he has tried to break the Bank at Monte Carlo; and, as journalist, he has edited *Scottish Life*. His first wife, the daughter of a Lincolnshire gentlemen, he divorced, under Scottish law, on the ground of her desertion, and the lady is now married to the well-known motorist, Mr. Charles Jarrott.

The New Countess of Rosslyn.

The new Countess may be said to have a double claim on the consideration of the order to which she now belongs. She is both an American and an actress, though she has not acted for some time. She has nothing of the American accent. Indeed, when she was rehearsing "The Undercurrent" at the Criterion Theatre, in which she played an American girl, Mr. R. C. Carton, the

author, had what she once described as "an awful time" with regard to her American accent, or the lack of it. "Why, you haven't got an American accent at all!" he exclaimed, and the actress had to begin to acquire one. It is, perhaps, part of their unwritten romance that it was in "The Undercurrent" that Lord Rosslyn and his bride first met. That Miss Robinson succeeded so well on her first venture in London is to be attributed to the fact that she had a great deal of experience in America, acting in all sorts of plays before she achieved the desire of every American actress and arrived in London. One of the most successful plays of its day on the other side of the Atlantic was "Shenandoah," by Mr. Bronson Howard. While acting in that play,

AN AMERICAN OCTOGENARIAN'S ACTION TO RECOVER £150,000 FROM A NEGRESS: MISS HANNAH ELIAS, THE DEFENDANT.

A Mr. Platt sought to recover the sum mentioned above on the ground that Miss Hannah Elias had obtained it from him by fraud. Later, however, he admitted that he was "moved by affection alone," and the case was dismissed.

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate.

Miss Robinson had an experience which, happily, does not fall to the lot of many people. She was in the Far West, and one Saturday night she left Seattle on a special train to go to Tacoma. The members of the Company went to bed, but in the early hours of the morning there was a terrible shock. Everybody believed there had been a collision, and got up to see what was the matter. There had been a collision, but of an unusual character. The train had run through a school-house. The workmen had been moving the house, and, when the time came for leaving off work, they stopped and left it where it was, instead of working for another hour to get it clear of the lines. They knew that, in the ordinary way, no train would be going over the road until after they returned to work, for they had no knowledge about the special. As it was, the engine-driver caught sight of the house as he was rounding a curve near it. In a minute he made up his mind that it would be better to put on all steam and go full-speed at it, as there was not time to stop the train. The driver's calculations were correct. He went through the house without the train leaving the rails. In speaking of the incident, Miss Robinson has been heard to remark that she was positive "no people ever went through school as quickly" as the members of that Company.

Plans.

An interesting, and by no means improbable, rumour credits the Earl and Countess with the determination to appear on the stage together—as actor-manager and leading lady. Indeed, it is said that a play of the romantic school has already been accepted by them, and that "Mr. James Erskine" and "Miss Anna Robinson" will interpret the lovers with whose *affaire de cœur* it deals.



A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE AND THE STAGE: THE EARL OF ROSSLYN (MR. JAMES ERSKINE), WHO HAS MARRIED MISS ANNA ROBINSON.

Photograph by Bassano.

from the ranks. He has seen a great deal of rough service in Central Asia, commanded the Russian contingent which went up to Peking, and, just before the war broke out, was in command of the troops in the Far East. He made no secret of his disgust when he was told to hand over the Army to General Kuropatkin a year ago, and so, when the Generals at St. Petersburg had, one after another, declined the offer of succeeding Kuropatkin, the Czar telegraphed to him to take up the command, well knowing that Linievitch was the only man anxious to have it.

The Political Party Season.

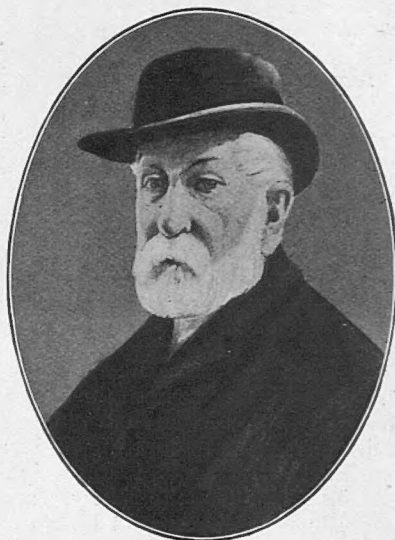
Young Lady Denman opened the spring Political Party season very brilliantly last week. Thanks to the shuffling

Mr. Roosevelt's Profitable Inauguration.

Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration as President of the United States has been doubly glorious to the citizens of the land of the Almighty Dollar: its success, from the "Fourth of June" point of view, was decided, and, in addition to this, the ceremonies and their attendant festivities have resulted in a clear profit of £600. The total expenditure was £15,800; the receipts were £16,400. The sale of tickets for the inaugural ball accounted for £9,200 of the latter. All of which is business, and excellent business, if, to some minds, painfully democratic.

General Linievitch.

The new Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies in the Far East owes his promotion to that



AN AMERICAN OCTOGENARIAN'S ACTION TO RECOVER £150,000 FROM A NEGRESS: MR. JOHN R. PLATT, THE PLAINTIFF.

The Elias scandal, which caused so much sensation in New York, was brought about by the action of a negro, who shot and killed Mr. Andrew Green, a prominent New Yorker, and afterwards pleaded passionate jealousy of Miss Elias, saying that he mistook Green for Platt.

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate.

of the Cabinet cards, the Tories have at least one new and charming hostess added to the Ministerial group, and the Free Traders are also rich in accomplished and brilliant women of the world. The Duchess of Devonshire is a host in herself, and, with Lady Wimborne as an ally, she should be irresistible to those who are wavering between Free and Fair Food.

Pierre Loti, Bordeaux, and the Feline Tribe.

In a few days' time, the French cruiser *Vaulour*, of which Pierre Loti is the Captain, will return to France from Turkish waters, and, for the first time for many years, Loti, who is of a retiring disposition as a rule, will come out of his study's solitude and preside at a public function. This function is one of a characteristic nature. Loti, as everybody knows in these days of personal paragraphs, is a great lover of cats, and it is over the Bordeaux Cat Show that he has consented to preside. His letter of acceptance of the honour is a quaint one. "I have always," he writes, "refused such honours, but this time, such is my love for Bordeaux and the feline tribe, I must fain accept with pleasure your kind invitation. But I make one proviso—I must on no account be asked to make a speech or to call for the health of our graceful furry friends. Remember that I am a hermit, and be merciful." If Pierre Loti insists on silence, though, I fancy Bordeaux will be deeply disappointed.



A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE AND THE STAGE: THE NEW COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN (NÉE ANNA ROBINSON), WHO WAS MARRIED TO THE EARL OF ROSSLYN LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE SAXONY-MONTIGNOSO ROMANCE: THE COUNTESS DE MONTIGNOSO, DIVORCED WIFE OF THE KING OF SAXONY, AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MONICA.

The Countess, whose refusal to give up her daughter to the King of Saxony is the cause of so much interest, has, for economical reasons, sublet the Villa Papiniano to an American gentleman, and is now residing in a smaller house on the road near Poggio Imperiale, in the suburbs of Florence. Her servants are but three, all Italians, in whom she puts the greatest trust.

Photograph by Abeniacar.

duties of which he is likely to take up after the Queen's return from the Mediterranean. The only son of that fine old sea-dog and intimate friend of the King and Queen, the late Sir Harry Keppel, it was only meet that he should enter the Navy, and hardly surprising that he should have earned considerable distinction in his profession. That he has done this has been recognised not only by the majority, but by the influential few whose opinion can do so much to make or mar a reputation.

The part he took in the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson in the Soudan Expedition led to Lord Charles Beresford's mention in despatches, which stated that the safety of the whole party was due to the "untiring energy of Sub-Lieutenant Keppel," who cut out the nigger on which the General was stranded under the guns of the enemy; Lord Kitchener publicly acknowledged his "readiness of resource, daring, and ability" on the Nile in the 'nineties, and he received the D.S.O. and the C.B.; and in 1899 he was thanked by both Houses of Parliament.

The Saxony-Montignoso Romance.

The German Court world, and especially that which has its centre in Dresden, is much excited over the struggle to obtain possession of the baby Princess, Anne Monica Pia. The new King of Saxony declares that his divorced wife, known as the Countess de Montignoso, though she is an Archduchess of Austria by birth, should give up her last-born child, but the mother utterly refuses to part with her two-year-old little girl, and she is being assisted in her efforts to shield the Princess from the King's kidnappers by many who admire her maternal devotion.

In Command of His Majesty's Yachts.

Captain Colin R. Keppel, new Comodore in command of His Majesty's yachts, is a good deal more than the son



A BABY FOR WHOSE POSSESSION A KING AND A PRINCESS ARE STRUGGLING: THE PRINCESS ANNE MONICA PIA OF SAXONY.

The divorced wife of the new King of Saxony, now known as the Countess de Montignoso, is determined to keep her daughter, the little Princess Monica, by her side, and never allows her out of her sight. She acknowledges that the King has the law on his side, but maintains that the rights of a mother are greater than any defined by law.

Photograph by Abeniacar.

Catulle Mendès' New Play.

Great things are expected of M. Catulle Mendès' coming play at the Gaité, "Scarron," in which Coquelin the elder is to play the crippled poet. The play is all rehearsed and ready, and nothing but the success of "L'Abbé Constantin" at the same theatre has prevented its earlier production, for, unfortunately, the severity of the illness of Madame Jane Hading, who was to have played Ninon de l'Enclos, who is in the zenith of her beauty and her power at the time of M. Mendès' play

Coquelin the Elder as Scarron.

will have a hard rôle in Scarron, for at the time chosen for the piece the poet was already crippled, partly paralysed, and confined in his chair. The performance of M. Coquelin, rumour has it, will draw crowded houses, for so touching is it that even at rehearsal—and rehearsal is by no means a sentimental business—his fellow actors and actresses have found it difficult to keep back their tears at the pathos he infuses into the poet's lines.

A Lady of Cabinet Rank.

Lord Beaconsfield, ever gallant to the fair sex, always insisted that Cabinet Ministers exalted their wives to official rank. The latest addition to the group of interesting women who are thus closely connected with the Government is the Hon. Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes, the present Lord Hylton's only sister. The Tory Party is rich in good hostesses, and the wife of the new Minister for Agriculture will add yet another who has as yet lived more in the country than in town.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE: THE HON. MRS. AILWYN FELLOWES.

Photograph by Langflier.

The King and Queen.

The King's restoration to his usual health was hailed by those who had the rather unusual pleasure of meeting His Majesty driving in Hyde Park with keen satisfaction. It must at once touch and embarrass the Sovereign to note how his most trifling ailments, such as slight colds, arouse instant concern, and even anxiety, in the public mind. The best proof of King Edward's good health was shown, however, by the absence of Queen Alexandra, whose long-delayed reception in Lisbon was of a nature to show how close is the present friendship between Portugal and our country.

Buffalo Bill in Paris.

Colonel Cody and his friend and partner, Mr. Bailey, are busy on the Champ de Mars with their coming Wild West Show. It is, if we are not mistaken, a little over twenty years since Buffalo Bill was seen in Paris, and those who can remember his last visit there are wondering whether the gallant Colonel is to be made as popular a hero this time as he was in '84—if '84 it was. The wild enthusiasm which prevailed for the Russians in France immediately after the conclusion of the treaty, the enthusiasm even for *le brave Général Boulanger*, which reached the height of mania, not only with the crowds and bourgeois, but in the most aristocratic circles of the capital, was far outrun by the



THE NEW COMMODORE IN COMMAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S YACHTS: CAPTAIN COLIN R. KEPPEL.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

and will be enacted by Madame Gilda Darthy, has been such that all idea of waiting for her had to be abandoned. Madame Hading, however, is on the high road to recovery, and by the time these lines are in print will be sipping sunshine and gaining strength in Grasse.

wave of excitement which the picturesque appearance and the reputation of the Colonel caused when he was last in Paris. Nowadays, though, the days of such enthusiasm have passed, or such enthusiasm has found a less exciting fashion of manifesting itself. There is a tendency to treat Buffalo Bill less as a hero than as a showman, and—this, of course, may make a difference—the gallant gentleman is twenty years less interesting than he was before.



JAPAN'S EQUIVALENT TO OUR TOWN-CRIER: THE TO-ZA-I-YA, OR ADVERTISING SPECIALIST, AT WORK.

The British town-crier's toll is replaced in the case of the Japanese crier of advertisements by drum and fife, which punctuate the ingenious specialist's remarks as to the virtue of his various employers' goods.

THE REVIVAL OF "MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE," AT THE IMPERIAL.

MISS EVA MOORE
WHO WILL PLAY
LADY MARY CARLISLE

MR LEWIS
WALLER
AS
MONSIEUR
BEUCAIRE.

Mr. Lewis Waller, with the intention of dividing Shakspeare from Shakspeare, will revive "Monsieur Beaucaire" to-morrow, and will run it for three weeks, after which he will produce "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Waller will, of course, resume his old part in the revival. Miss Eva Moore will take the place of Miss Grace Lane as Lady Mary Carlisle.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHILE we read harrowing stories of the great Russian rout, and comment, awe-stricken, upon the magnitude of the casualty lists, a crisis nearer home attracts comparatively little attention. General Plague is conducting a merciless campaign against the long-suffering natives of India, and his casualty list is not inferior to all that Generals Linievitch and Oyama can show. Taking the offensive in 1896, this master of destruction could claim one and a-half million victims by the end of 1902, while in 1903 the death figures ran up to eight hundred and fifty thousand for the one year; last year they topped the million, and at the time of writing the people are dying in their thousands every day. Not all the diplomats in the King's service can make peace with General Plague; only when he is glutted with slaughter will he desist from his attacks and retire into some unknown hiding-place to wait until the increase of India's population justifies another campaign. The dead Russian or Jap had some manner of chance to hit back, perhaps to kill some of the foe before he was stricken down; the wounded have some chance of recovery; but the legions of General Plague strike out of the darkness, and, where they wound, the blow is most times fatal.

Slave Markets. A friend who is in Fez watching the development of negotiations between the Sultan of Morocco and M. St. René de Taillandier, the French Envoy, writes that, out of respect to the feelings of his distinguished visitors, the Sultan has ordered the Sok'el Abeed, or Slave Market, to be closed while the Mission is in the city. This concession is a very artful one, and may well serve a double purpose. It shows, in the first instance, a very delicate regard for European prejudice; it also gives the more fanatical Moors to understand what they must expect in the days when the will of Europe is imposed upon the last independent kingdom of the once dark Continent. The sale of slaves is a very remarkable ceremony. When the buyers have taken their seats in the market-place, the auctioneers advance in line to the centre of the market and offer up a prayer. They appeal for divine favour on behalf of buyers and sellers, and anathematise Satan and all his works. The buyers interpolate "Amen" at the proper moments. And when the last word of prayer has been said, the slaves are brought forward, parcelled out among the auctioneers, and led round the circle of the buyers, who raise the prices of the men, women, and children they desire to purchase.

Subsidised Theatres. When I read in my morning paper a letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's secretary, setting out a refusal to contribute ten thousand a year to a national theatre, I did not feel angry with the powers that rule over us. I suppose we shall read, or get the opportunity of reading, reams of rubbish about the absence of subsidies in England, and their healthy existence abroad; but for the very life of me I can't see why we should have subsidised theatres when the Government is too poor to feed the hungry little children it sends to school. With proper management, the sum requested for a theatre subsidy would supply two and a-half million free meals for the stunted

babies of our byways, and these meals would do a great deal to build up the national physique, upon which, when all is said and done, we must depend for our national existence. If the Government ever grows rich enough to do the right thing by the children, free gymnasia for the adults should find a place in its scheme of things before the drama gets a look-in.

Success.

From the wilds of Los Angeles, in California, one Victor Segno has written me a letter begging me to be successful, and offering me two months of Success for a dollar. Mr. Segno is the proprietor—I beg his pardon, the "boss"—

of the Segno Success Club, which he calls a department of the "American Institute of Mentalism," whatever that may be. Accompanying the letter are certain circulars printed on paper that never achieved success, and setting out the merits of the Club. There are letters from people living in weird corners of the States, setting out how a rise of salary followed their membership, there are some ill-written tributes to success in the abstract, there is an account of certain telepathic messages that passed between London and Northampton in the presence of Mr. W. T. Stead; but I find no definite explanation of what you get in return for your dollar or how you get it. Yet, even to my mean intelligence, it becomes plain that the more fools—I mean, members—that this 'cute Yankee secures, the greater will be his Success. I believe that these circulars are being sent broadcast, so I am going to send a dollar to the painstaking boss in the interests of my fellow-men. If he can tell which one of the people he is trying to catch is the writer of this note, he may call himself a "Mentalist" without further challenge from me.

The "Times" and the Russian Treasury. Seldom has a daily paper had

a greater honour paid to it than the *Times* enjoyed a few days ago. M. Kokovtsoff, the Russian Minister of Finance, was so anxious that our great journal should understand the soundness of the financial position of the Czar's Government that he actually invited

the Editor to visit St. Petersburg and see the gold reserve for himself. Doubtless, had the Editor availed himself of the offer and wished to assure his readers that the gold was, at least, of eighteen-carat variety, there would have been no difficulty in supplying him with samples. Really the *Times* is "getting its own back," if one may write so vulgarly. Not so long ago the accredited representative in St. Petersburg of our leading paper might have been asked to investigate the Treasury's flourishing state. But the powers that be would not suffer Mr. Braham to express his opinions in print; they gave him to understand that they did not desire more of his acquaintance, and shifted him, with bag and baggage, across the frontier. Now they want the Editor of the *Times* to take the long, cold journey to St. Petersburg, but Mr. Buckle is a busy man, and, perhaps, has some doubts about the wisdom of such an excursion. The invitation reads "to visit the vaults of the State Bank." It is clear that the Editor of the *Times* is quite free from the taint of "vaulting ambition."



THE FAIR RULER OF A RULER OF FAIR FRANCE: MME. ROUVIER,
WIFE OF THE FRENCH MINISTER OF FINANCE.

Photograph by Paul Boyer.

LOVELY WOMAN AT THE LYRIC: A STUDY IN MAKE-UP.



MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS GERALDINE EVELYN SNIPE

IN "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY—"THE LITTLE MORE" AND "THE THIEVES' COMEDY,"
AT THE COURT.

IF the expenditure of money could procure success, "Du Barri" will run for years. Probably the production has cost more than any ever given upon a stage no bigger than that of the Savoy, which, of course, is by no means small. In one respect, the money has been well spent, for some superb pictures are given of the splendid Court of Louis XV., and the costumes designed by Miss Edith Craig are beautiful as well as gorgeous. Moreover, admirable music is contributed by Mr. Herbert Smith. How deplorable, then, that from time to time one should have wished that the whole affair had been a series of dumb-show pictures. I do not suggest that the play adapted by Christopher St. John and rendered into fluent English from a drama by Jean Richepin is dull, and when played rather quicker and cut a little it will, at least, serve as a kind of conversational guide to the pictures; but even the least critical spectator must have felt oppressed by the disproportion between the quality of the play and the importance of the production. Probably the naughtiness of the career of the creature who once ruled such a despot as Louis XV., and, through him, reigned over France, will be an attraction, though I fancy that the ordinary playgoer has less knowledge of Madame Du Barri than of some of her sisters in sin who helped to create the modern France by ruining the old. Really it was ungrateful of the Republicans to cause a woman to "sneeze into the sack" who, by swallowing up nearly thirty-five millions of francs, had assisted in procuring freedom for the French. As for the story—what does it matter? A sentence describes it as it appears in the play: In the Prologue the heroine is a pretty milliner with dishonest ambitions; in Act I. courtiers contrive to present her to the jaded old King, hoping to rule him through her; in Act II. she is at the top of her power, receiving the cringing Court in her gorgeous bedroom, receiving there, also, secretly a worshipper who seeks to induce her to quit a life of shame and fly with him—a quaint request, since she is a married woman; Act III. exhibits the end of her reign, caused by her philandering with this curious adorer, in consequence of which she is banished; finally comes an Epilogue showing her descent, twenty years or so later, to the guillotine, after a noble act of self-sacrifice. It is a stagey story, not wholly ineffective, but no great art has been displayed in the treatment, nor is there much in the acting. Mrs. Brown-Potter cannot suggest the note of gay, thoughtless irresponsibility that might have rendered Du Barri worthy at least of pity, but in the bedroom scene she shows herself at her best in all respects. The others have little chance of distinction, and none accomplished marvels.

A charity matinée at the Royal Court Theatre on the 20th showed that a new author, Mr. H. C. M. Hardinge, has grasped well enough the truth that true drama is a question of souls and characters to make

it worth his while to study technique and the art of writing natural dialogue. The undoubted effectiveness of several of the scenes in his play, "The Little More," was due, to a large extent, to the remarkable performance of Miss Henrietta Watson as a doting mother with an artistic temperament and highly-strung nerves; but Mr. Hardinge may take credit for drawing three people with some relation to life, and writing quite competently two or three scenes between a mother, a father, and a prodigal son, which gave the play an interest far beyond that of most of the productions for which charity is responsible, and a good many of those which presumably appeal to us on their own merits.

The name of Hauptmann rather frightens the simple playgoer, but the work from his pen presented at the Court, under the title of "The Thieves' Comedy," has none of the mystical or problem element. It frankly appeals to the sense of humour, and may be appreciated by

the most thoughtless. Yet a warning is necessary: those who expect a formal comedy with a conventional conclusion will be disappointed, and a playgoer might well fancy that the last Act had been lost during the play's passage from Germany, and be well enough amused by what he sees and hears to grudge the loss of it. In a masterly way, he draws some wicked and some stupid Russian peasants, and a perfect specimen of a weak, vain, irritable, but not wholly ill-natured Magistrate. The main figure is a middle-aged woman, industrious, bright, and shrewd, who tempts her husband to poach and steal, but is clever enough to defeat the law and, in the end, appear as a model specimen of the lower orders. It is on character rather than incident that the play depends,

though there is plenty of comic business, and the character of Frau Wolff, as presented by Miss Rosina Filippi, is wonderfully true and humorous. Better acting one never sees; in a certain class of parts one can safely set Miss Filippi against anybody that the world can produce. Every part in the play is finely drawn, from the stupid, brutal husband, presented by Mr. James Hearn, to the impudent little daughter, cleverly played by Miss Sydney Fairbrother. Mr. Lugg caused a great deal of laughter as a Magistrate. Much of his work was exceedingly skilful, but there was an unfortunate trace of self-consciousness. Mr. Edward Gwenn was admirable as a barge-skipper, with a fat, heavy, quiet humour that would delight Mr. Jacobs; and Mr. Norman Page was amusing as our very old friend, the Magistrate's choleric clerk. I dare say that the play has serious value as a close study of local life and character, but can form no definite opinion as to this. No doubt, however, exists as to its being very amusing and curiously lifelike: one's sympathy, I fear, is with the wicked people; occasionally nature breaks bounds, and most of us are full enough of original sin to delight in the triumph of Frau Wolff.

Mr. Arthur Godfrey.



Mr. Harold Montague
(Musical Monologist).

Miss Kate Rooney
(Bass Contralto).

Mr. George
Alexander.

Miss Constance Drever
(Soprano).

Mr. Frank Door
(Tenor).

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER ON THE CONCERT PLATFORM: THE POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE "MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER CONCERT RECITAL COMPANY."

The "Mr. George Alexander Concert Recital Company," under the Direction of Ashton's Royal Agency, began its most successful tour at Bournemouth on the 4th of this month, and has already appeared at Bournemouth, Bristol, Leamington, Ealing, Tunbridge Wells, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Croydon, and Cheltenham. To-morrow it is due at Richmond, and later at Portsmouth, Ryde, and Chatham. In certain of the towns Mr. Alexander has produced Oscar Wilde's "The Flower o' the Rose," and at Portsmouth, Ryde, and Richmond he is to present "The Scrupulous Man."

Photograph by Dinham, Torquay.

"DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS THE "DU BARRI."

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

"A MAN'S SHADOW," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



MISS KATE CUTLER AS VICTOIRE.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery

THE SMALLEST FOOT IN PARIS, AND THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

MME. AURORA PH—P—.



At the only Bal de l'Opéra this season, the four famous balls having ceased to exist, M. Gailhard used the occasion to give a prize to the owner of the smallest foot in Paris. This prize took the form of a pair of shoes made of cloth-of-gold and adorned with precious stones. Mme. Aurora Ph—P—, a lady well known in the Peruvian colony in Paris, proved herself the Cinderella of Lutetia, the size of her shoe being "Small 31," of which the English equivalent is size "12½, children's."

CURTAINS CARICATURED: II.—MELODRAMA.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST.



Villagers. Benevolent Vicar. Vicar's Charitable Sister (unmarried). Comic Villain.
 The Comic Maid The Comic Relief. Leading Lady. Hero. Policeman (Inevitable). Villain (with cigarette).
 (Sweetheart of the Comic Relief). Sweet Child.

"A PEERLESS PEARL; OR, PANTING FOR PARDON."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

S. H. SIME RECORDS AN IMPRESSION OF A VISIT TO THE NORTH.



A SOUVENIR OF A SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE'S monograph on Coventry Patmore (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) is being justly recognised as one of the very few masterpieces of its kind. The authorised biography of the poet was laboriously written by Mr. Basil Champneys. Mr. Champneys succeeded in putting into his two large volumes much interesting and relevant matter, and he showed throughout excellent taste and feeling. But he had small skill in writing and in presentation, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Gosse's little book conveys so true and vivid an impression of a very complex personality that nothing will be added to it. Mr. Gosse has a keen perception of character, but his humour is kept in check by his distinguished urbanity. In spite of his alert, critical faculty—or rather, perhaps, on account of it—he is generous in appreciation, and for Patmore he felt evidently a true friendship and esteem, though never for a moment blind to the eccentricities and asperities which marred a successful and prosperous life. Patmore's first wife, the "Angel in the House," had a lifelong influence over him, but the fact that she was a keen Protestant did not prevent him becoming a Roman Catholic and bringing up his children in that faith. Mrs. Patmore was beautiful in her way, but not when she smiled, and it was of her that Robert Browning wrote the famous description—

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, that should be opening soft
In the pure profile—not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all—but rather as aloft
Some hyacinth she loves so leaned its staff's
Burden of honey-coloured studs to kiss
Or capture 'twixt the lips, apart for this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped perfect chin it lifts.

During the years of his first marriage, Patmore was very poor, living in a little cottage on Hampstead Heath, now destroyed, on an income which probably never exceeded three hundred pounds a year. But, through the admirable management of his wife, a large family was brought up in comfort. By his second marriage Patmore became a rich man. His second wife had, in her youth, some love-passages with Cardinal Manning, whose first love, by the way, seems to have been a lady who afterwards became famous as the authoress of the "Peep of Day," and other religious text-books for children, once familiar in all evangelical households.

The news that Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson is to edit and write prefaces for a new edition of her husband's books is more than welcome. There is no denying that the official biography of Stevenson is a disappointment, though much consolation is to be found in the admirably edited series of letters which Mr. Sidney Colvin has given to us. Mrs. Stevenson is eminently qualified for her task. Her extraordinary powers of conversation and her

infectious high spirits were the source of perpetual wonder and delight to her husband. I have heard a highly qualified judge say that, in her opinion, of all the brilliant conversationalists she ever met, Mrs. Stevenson was the first. It will be remembered that Mrs. Stevenson collaborated with Stevenson in one of his best pieces of work. She was ever his most sharp and stimulating critic, and this was so well recognised by Mr. Thomas Stevenson that, shortly before his death, he made his son promise that he would "never publish anything without Fanny's approval."

We have already had Mrs. Ritchie's delightful memorial edition of Thackeray, and long ago we were promised a similar edition of Kingsley, with introductions from the accomplished pen of his

daughter, Lucas Malet. Lucas Malet wisely takes time over her work, but I have reason to believe that two new novels by her are drawing to completion, and after then, perhaps, she may write for us the story of Charles Kingsley's life and work.

Messrs. Valentine, the famous Scottish photographers, have in preparation a series of illustrated books on the counties of Great Britain and Ireland. Each volume is to contain a series of photographs, with brief descriptions by well-known writers of the scenes illustrated. The general editor is to be Mr. A. H. Millar, who has for many years conducted the literary department of the *Dundee Advertiser*. The series will be welcome, but we are still waiting for a properly executed series of guides to the historical and literary associations of the counties. It was high time that the work was taken in hand. Every year historical houses are being removed, and it might be possible to check the process. In any case, the memory would be preserved.

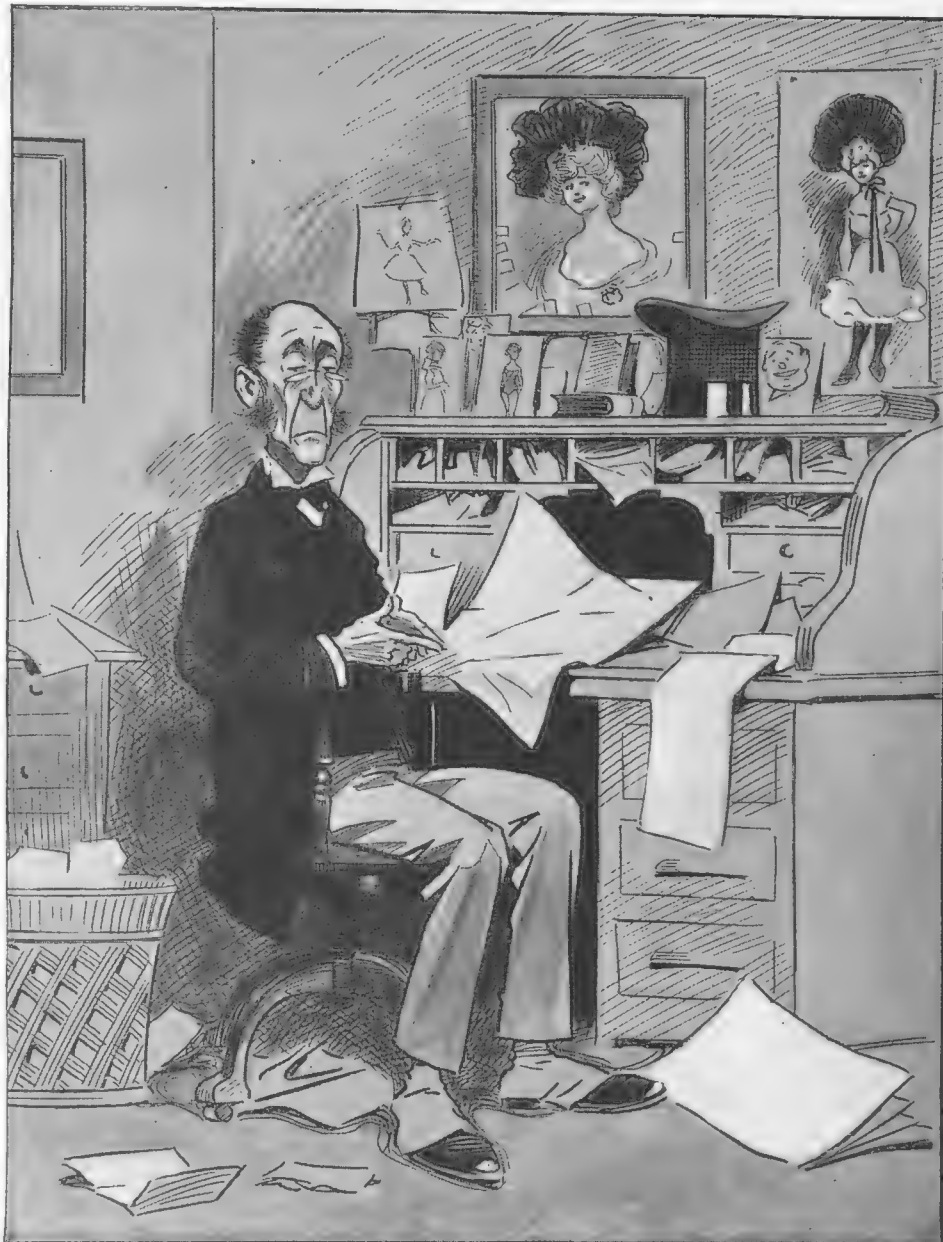
It is said that Sir Conan Doyle, when asked by his American publishers whether he desired the "Sir" on his title-page, replied, "When the American people like me as I am, why should I thrust

a title in their democratic faces? Sir Gilbert Parker showed the same noble spirit in answer to a cable from New York—that is, he indicated his desire to appear as plain Gilbert Parker, without the title, on his "Ladder of Swords," the first novel he has published since his knighthood.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has selected twenty-one poems by his friend, Lionel Johnson, and they have been printed on Irish paper by Miss Yeats at the Dun Emer Press, Dundrum. The price is half-a-guinea. Among the poems chosen by Mr. Yeats are "Mystic and Cavalier," "The Dark Angel," "Glories," "To Morfydd," "Sertorius," and the lines on the statue of King Charles. The book is very welcome, but, after all, Lionel Johnson was greater as a critic than as a poet, and it is much to be desired that some of the best of his critical work should be preserved. There is very little on the same level appearing nowadays.

O. O.

LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS: I.—THE EDITOR OF "FRIVOLOUS BITS."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

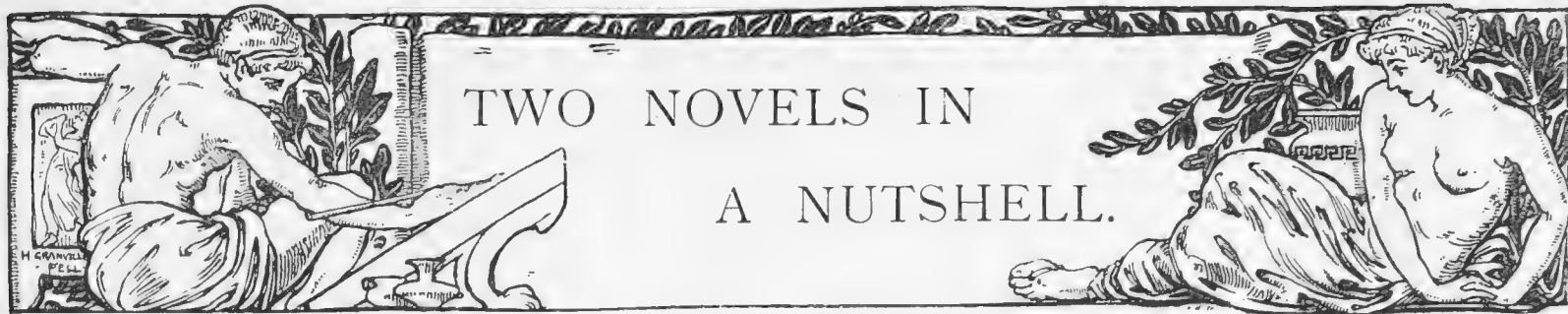
THE FIRST OF APRIL!



THE NEWSVENDOR (*who has forgotten the date*): Wonder why it is nobody won't buy a paper to-day?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



THE INVENTOR. By L. LUMLEY.

WHEN you have known a man the better part of five minutes, it is only natural that you should feel impressed in some way (the exact way is rather a matter of temperament) when he calls you "My dear fellow," and insists that you really must drop in and see him.

I did. The Inventor lived in a curious little surprise in architecture in a north-west suburban road which had no end. For several minutes I searched the Inventor's door and door-post for a knocker or a bell; but nothing could I discover beyond a brass letter-box opening, which was evidently in the process of adjustment: indeed, at that moment footsteps sounded from within, followed by the use of tools upon the door.

I tapped with my umbrella; the door opened, and the Inventor, beaming through his spectacles, grasped my hand.

"Capital, capital!" he exclaimed, placing a screw-driver in the outside pocket of his velvet jacket and a pair of pliers through a button-hole.

"You're just in time," he went on. "Now, you see that letter-box—nothing unusual about it, as a letter-box, you would say?"

I looked at the object in question. It appeared to me exactly like thousands of other cheap brass affairs one sees upon the suburban door. I conveyed this impression, suitably modified, to the Inventor, who chuckled low with delight.

"Exactly, exactly!" he cried; "that's just the point: *looks* like the ordinary thing. Now, any other man who had invented a box like that would have had it carved or stamped with his name and address; in fact, he would have totally spoilt the simplicity of the whole thing—you understand me?"

I did not in the least, so I said, "Quite so."

"Well, now," proceeded the Inventor, hugging himself with enjoyment; "with my letter-box—by the way, I have named it the 'Postvenitagraph'; rather comprehensive, eh?"

"Extremely neat," I said.

"So it is; so it is," he agreed, still beaming: "*post*—post; *venit*—has come; *graph*—write; the thing explains itself. But you would like to see it in action?"

"I should consider it a great honour," I assured him. He appeared to feel assured.

"I don't mind telling you," he intimated, kindly, "that I believe it will be taken up by all the principal firms in the world."

I appeared suitably astonished, and the Inventor proceeded to close the door, thereby revealing several wires that rose through a tube by the wainscot and engaged an iron lever upon which was fastened, by means of a wire, what looked like the receptacle from a pair of scales. Above this was a black box. The general effect rather recalled the interior of a railway signal-box.

"Now," exclaimed the Inventor, who had been running his finger along the mechanism tenderly, "perhaps you would just act as postman for half a minute?"

I tried to look as much like a postman as I could at so brief a notice.

"Let me see. You will want a letter," explained my host.

I took one of several from my pocket and held it out. The Inventor weighed the envelope in his hand, and shook his head.

"Er—I'm afraid that would hardly be the thing—hardly the thing," he declared, musingly.

I handed him in turn letters of several sizes, old but serviceable; still the Inventor did not seem satisfied. Suddenly, however, his face brightened, and, taking the pliers from his button-hole, he placed them in the longest envelope and closed it carefully.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, handing me back the package; "now you are all right with your letter. I want you, quite in the usual way, you know, to enter the garden-gate, walk up the steps, thrust your letter into the box—then wait. I think that's quite clear?" he concluded, holding open the door for me to go out, and closing it before I had time to assure him that I had thoroughly grasped the idea.

In order to do justice to the great invention, I turned up my coat-collar, put my hat on the back of my head, and turned my toes well out as I thumped up the garden-path.

I hesitated a moment at the door; then, setting my teeth firmly, I dropped the pliers through the opening for letters. I cannot say precisely what I had anticipated, but I know that, immediately after the act, I felt as a nervous man does when he takes a second pull at the trigger of a gun that has miss-fired. At length I remembered that Nature expected me to go on breathing as usual, and I let forth a long, hissing volume of compressed oxygen.

"Was that you whistled?" called the voice of the Inventor from within.

"Is everything going off all right in there?" I inquired, in my turn, through the key-hole.

"Simply drop it in the box in the ordinary way," requested the Inventor—peevishly, I thought.

"I have," I said, shortly.

"What have you done, my dear sir?" persisted the Inventor, with rising irritability.

"Posted the letter!" I shouted.

The door opened slowly, and the Inventor, on his knees, shuffled backwards with it. He took not the slightest notice of me, but proceeded to pat his pockets one after the other, and then to grope about the floor, peering under the chairs, moving out the hat-stand, and pulling up the mats.

"Can I do anything to help you?" I asked, at length, thinking that he was seeking the main-spring of his invention.

"Eh, what? Confound 'em!" muttered the Inventor, looking up for an instant.

"Lost anything?" I ventured.

"Of course I have!" he replied, snappishly. "How can I possibly adjust the mechanism without my pliers—pliers I have worked with for fifteen years, pliers—?"

After I had interrupted, and we had succeeded in forcing open the black box and recovering both his and my property, the Inventor beamed as brightly as ever.

"I'm not certain whether it is the hydraulic balance in the basement, the electric contacts, the ejector, or the spring tension under the floor that has got a little disarranged," he explained, cheerfully; "but it's quite a trifling matter, and, if you will give me the pleasure of staying to dine, we might run over the whole thing afterwards."

But I remembered that I was engaged to go to another pantomime.

THE DUCHESS AT THE THEATRE: A MINIATURE.

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

SHE sat quite motionless, her beautiful hands lying idly in her lap, her eyes, more beautiful still, fixed with an icy indifference on space. She was aware that people were looking at her, far more earnestly than at the stage, but the knowledge did not change her attitude by so much as the flicker of an eyelid. She was used to being looked at, and bore it with a haughty patience, a magnificent resignation. What were such looks to her?

She had a quiet manner, in a century when manners, as a rule, are not quiet—are, perhaps, indeed, hardly manners at all—a slow way of speaking, and that type of beauty which is so delicate that it seems cold. It was impossible to imagine any vulgar passion ruffling the exquisite serenity of her features. She was always serene, always, in a sense, gracious and graceful. She was not, possibly, amusing, but then that would have been out of drawing for her. She never laughed, she seldom smiled. She had a way of lifting her eyebrows when people made jokes in her presence which was so indescribably disconcerting that the offence was never repeated. Not that her look suggested anger—far from it. It held, however, a mild but measureless wonder at the absurdity of human nature which would have galled a rock.

People called her stupid, but that was merely ill-nature. It was not her *métier* to be brilliant. She had been a beauty ever since she could remember. She provided the world with something to look at—something, emphatically, worth looking at—and she suffered their regard with a silence which just missed being contemptuous, as it did to-night.

The play was going on, but she did not look at the stage. She had seen it before. She did not know why she had come, unless it had been—yes, that was it. She wanted to think, to meditate, to understand, before—To-morrow it would be too late to understand.

To-morrow it would all be different. The pedestal would be empty—her pedestal, from which she looked down unsmilingly upon the homage of an admiring world. She breathed a shade more quickly, and the diamonds at her throat made a sudden glitter of fire. She was so tired of it all—so terribly, deadly tired: and to-morrow she would be free.

. . . A little shop-girl in the pit was looking up at her with round, childish eyes of admiration, and trying to make out how her hair was done. How beautiful she was, this white goddess, with her pale, lovely face, and her aureole of diamonds! How heavenly, to be like her, beautiful, and happy . . . happy! . . .

To-morrow, her thought went on, she would be free. This was, in a sense, the last night of her life—the life that had been hers until now. It had been a happy life, according to most people's ideas of happiness—the little shop-girl's eyes were still upon her!—it had, most certainly, been prosperous, successful—even dazzling in its success. Everybody envied her, she knew. . . . With a shiver, she realised, as she sat there, how little she was to be envied if they had understood.

And now . . . now . . . she was going to throw it all to the winds—this good fortune, this success which was boring her to death. She was going to be alive instead of a white goddess on a pedestal. She was going to descend from her pedestal for ever and find humanity—in the mud, perhaps. She smiled faintly, a little, scornful smile. Oh, she was not a fool—she understood.

She sat motionless, and her eyes fell on the stage. The play was going on—it was an ineffably stupid play. The hero was just making love to the heroine, and talking the most supreme nonsense—the usual nonsense. A faint sensation of wonder seized her as she

thought of all the people in this great building who were sitting watching so stupid a scene.

It was stupid . . . of course. The Duke had once . . . but that was long ago. She had snubbed him gently, she remembered. She had married him, and that was quite enough. She was not going to submit to being made love to as well. Besides, his love-making did not interest her in the least.

And yet now . . . for St. Charles' sake . . . Her diamonds flashed again. For St. Charles' sake she was going to step down from the pedestal. It was very curious, for until a few days ago she had not taken much notice of St. Charles. He was clever, she knew; and she did not care for clever men, nor they for her. She had listened once or twice when he was talking, and had wondered at his animation, his earnestness, in a world where it really did not seem of much use to be earnest. He had appeared to be enthusiastic, and enthusiasm bored her. She had remembered thinking what a very exhausting young man he was.

Then . . . that evening. She paused in her meditations and tried to remember how it had happened. She was forced to confess that she did not know. He had taken her by surprise, he had frightened her, and bewildered her, and—yes—fascinated her. That was the word. He was so terribly in earnest, so terribly alive, and human, and—of course—so madly in love with her. The Duke . . . well, this was quite different from the Duke. The white goddess, on her pedestal, looked down and trembled with a vague unrest.

And then, quite suddenly, it came—the revolt, the inevitable revolt from this frozen, unnatural life which she had lived for so long: the desire for freedom, for that freedom which had never been hers. She remembered once seeing a lark in a cage beating passionate wings against the bars. For a moment she understood the mad, blind longing of the bird's heart and the terrible meaning of captivity.

For a moment . . . just while St. Charles' influence was upon her, St. Charles' voice sounded in her ear, St. Charles' touch woke her to life. Oh, it was very mad and bad, no doubt, but just whilst it lasted she felt immeasurably superior to the prim, beautiful being whose empty eyes smiled at her each morning from her mirror.

And now . . . to-morrow . . .

She sat very still. Under her eyes the play was going on. A little, scornful smile crept across her lips. Oh, it was all a play—a make-believe, a pretence! She herself . . .

Sitting there, cool and quiet, she saw suddenly the folly of her brief excursion in romance. She did not love St. Charles. For a moment, perhaps, she had been in love, as she understood the word—not with St. Charles, but with liberty, with youth, with the scent of the roses on the terrace, and the warm air of Spring. St. Charles was merely the medium through which a momentary madness had affected her. And the madness had passed.

She looked down, with eyes grown oddly wistful, at the lighted stage. Why was nothing real? she asked herself. Was it the world which was a pretence, or she? Was it St. Charles, or the Duke, or the audience, or the players?

. . . The little shop-girl was staring at her still. How beautiful she was! It must be like a fairy-tale to look like that! . . .

. . . The woman who looked like a fairy-tale drew her cloak up suddenly over her white shoulders. To-morrow . . . no, there would be no to-morrow. With a shiver, she realised the futility of her folly, and understood the coldness of her own heart.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON is one of the busiest actors these days, for he is preparing to start on a new phase of what is, for him, an old career—that of an actor-manager on tour. It will, it is hoped, lead to his permanent enrolment among the actor-managers of London, a position for which he made a bid when he took the Lyceum Theatre for a short term some four years ago. In addition to appearing eight times a week as Pistol at the Imperial, Mr. Mollison is conducting the rehearsals of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," a dramatisation of Ian Maclaren's story, by Mr. James MacArthur, the editor of the *New York Bookman*; and Mr. Augustus Thomas, the well-known dramatist. In this play Mr. Mollison will act the part created in the United States by Mr. James Stoddart, one of the most brilliant actors in America, who, curious as it may seem for a land in which youth is so dominant, did not begin "starring" until he was over seventy.

Mr. Mollison's production of this play is the direct outcome of the advice of Sir Henry Irving. When Sir Henry was last in America, with Mr. Mollison as one of the leading members of his Company, he saw the play and advised the young actor to get it, telling Mr. Mollison he was sure he would give a great performance of Lachlan Campbell. Sir Henry was greatly impressed with the effect produced by the old man when he scores the name of his daughter out of the Family Bible.

Shakspeare's birthday-present from Mr. Lewis Waller will be his production of "Romeo and Juliet," the popular actor-manager of the Imperial having fixed the first performance for the evening of Saturday, April 22, the day before the accepted birthday. "Henry V." will, however, not run until then, as Mr. Waller finds it necessary to withdraw the present heavy production in order to make preparation

for the next elaborate one. Therefore the run of "Henry V." will come to an end with this afternoon's performance, and to-morrow evening "Monsieur Beaucaire" will be revived, with Miss Eva Moore as the heroine, and, it need hardly be said, with Mr. Waller himself as the hero—a part in which he is universally acknowledged to equal not only the highest possibilities of English acting in that particular kind of drama, but also to equal the best Continental acting of the sort.

One of the most interesting of the always interesting series of

tour, will play Andromache; Miss Edyth Olive, who has recently been distinguishing herself at some of the Court performances, will be Cassandra; while Miss Gertrude Kingston will be Helen of Troy. Mr. James Hearn, another of the actors left free by the cancelling of Sir Henry Irving's tour, will be the herald of the Greeks.

Apropos of Sir Henry Irving, it is interesting to note that he has now gone to Torquay, where he will remain for the next week or two, in order to recuperate for his season at Drury Lane, which it now seems certain he will play, starting April 29.

M a d a m e Brema's appearance on the dramatic stage will be almost simultaneous with her daughter Miss Tita Brand's appearance as an actress-manager. Desdemona, in which she will make her appearance at the Shaftesbury on April 8, is a part she has long desired to play. As, however, there seemed no manager likely to furnish her with the opportunity, Miss Brand has resolved to make it for herself.

To interrupt the run of a play in London in order to produce it three thousand miles away is a novelty in theatrical management. That, however, is what Mr. Charles Frohman, who preserves a remarkable plasticity of enterprise, has resolved to do with "The Freedom of Suzanne." A fortnight from to-day, the run of that exceedingly popular comedy will be brought to a close. Three days later, Miss Marie Tempest, accompanied by all the staff of the Criterion, will leave for New York, where the play will be given for four weeks at the Empire Theatre. On May 24, Miss Tempest will leave for New York, and on June 3 she will re-open in London in the piece, which, having, no doubt, benefited by its two ocean-voyages, will be able to run through the season.

Miss Tempest's absence from the Criterion will enable Miss Ethel Irving to put into execution her long-desired project of appearing on the regular stage in a play divorced from music, and it is hoped she will win the same measure of success as that which has been achieved by Miss Tempest, who was likewise a "star" at Daly's Theatre.

Miss Irving has over and over again demonstrated in occasional performances her brilliant talents not only as an actress of comedy, but as one with a sincerity of emotional expression which, allied with acute intelligence, must carry her even farther on the road of popular success than did her work in musical comedy. By arrangement with Mr. Frank Curzon, she will appear in an English version of "Chou," a comedy in three Acts, by Mme. de Gresac. The English version has been prepared by Mr. Charles Brookfield, who is getting so large a share of this kind of work. Miss Irving's appearance in an adaptation of a French play is another point in which she resembles Miss Tempest.



A SPANISH DANCER NEW TO LONDON:
SEÑORITA CARMEN DE FAYA.

Señorita Carmen de Faya made her début the other evening, and speedily danced herself into favour. To a prepossessing appearance she adds very considerable grace and skill, both in pose and movement, and she is an ally of undoubted value to the Alhambra.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

matinées at the Court will undoubtedly be the production of "The Trojan Woman," which will be given for the first time on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 11. In it Madame Marie Brema, undoubtedly one of the greatest operatic artists of our time, will make her first appearance on the non-lyric stage as Hecuba, the wife of Priam, King of Troy, and the mere mention of her name in this connection should be sufficient to draw all lovers of strong acting to the Court, even were she not supported by a cast of exceptional strength: Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, free for the moment by the cancelling of Sir Henry Irving's



THE RETURN OF SEÑORITA GUERRERO: A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS DANCER AND SINGER.

Señorita Roserio Guerrero, the famous Spanish beauty, dancer, singer, and pantomimist, joined the company of artistes at the Palace on Monday, when she presented for the first time a wordless sketch, entitled "The Nightmare."

KEY-NOTES

JUST at the present moment, and we trust that the present moment will be stretched according to the ideal of Goethe's "Faust," the Æolian Hall is really doing great things for the advancement of music in this country. Only quite recently we were all congratulating Signor Garcia upon his wonderful freshness in his extreme old age; and now his grandson, Manuel Garcia, is to give a Recital at the hall already mentioned on the afternoon of April 5. Of course, one must never be previous in criticism, but we sincerely hope that the younger Garcia will acquit himself to the satisfaction of the public at large, no less than to the satisfaction of the critics. After all, when things are said, sung, and done, this descent from father to son is a wonderful record, and we wish Mr. Garcia every success on the occasion of his Recital.

The latest so-called prodigy in the violin-world is represented by Mischa Elman; and he may be said to have overtopped all the musical prodigies of recent times, or of times, at all events, within more or less recent memory. We all know that Mozart was a youthful prodigy; we all know that his playing excited an enormous amount of enthusiasm not only in Austria, but even in this humdrum London of ours. Mozart's absolute control over pure dexterity in playing accounted mostly for his great early success; but, of course, his immortality rests upon the magnificence of his creative power. On that point of creativeness it would be impossible to discuss the playing of young Elman; but, at all events, his powers of interpretation are more wonderful than anything that we have ever discovered within our own time. It is natural that we have no realistic knowledge of Joachim's first appearance, when, in his young childhood, he astonished the world by his amazingly beautiful gift of tone, by his breadth in musical feeling, and by his appreciation of the works of the greatest masters who just then were completely recognised as they deserved according to their transcendently fine technical methods. But it is necessary for us to live the life of the present, and to find our new prodigies in our own time; therefore, a comparison may be right or wrong, but all historical facts seem to run in parallel lines. That which we admired most in Elman's playing was the enormous restraint and the peacefulness of feeling with which he approached the really great masters in their most spiritual moods. It was here that one found him no longer an extraordinary child of the world; he appealed further to one's emotions as an absolutely fine musician.

It is very seldom that English audiences make much trouble in showing their enthusiasm for really great art; but in this instance of Elman's first appearance here, even an English audience gave way to its emotion; it is very rare, as we have indicated, to hear such applause as one heard on the evening of this concert; there was so much humanity in the playing of this little fellow that his hearers, seemingly, desired to see what he could do in the way of sheer technical greatness. Most certainly he satisfied the desire of his audience; for his playing of Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo," in its brilliance and accuracy, was most wonderful to note. One only hopes that so early an achievement of greatness will not quickly grow rusty, and that he

will never be persuaded to lower the high standard which he has obviously set for himself.

Every Season, so far as opera is concerned, brings a new surprise in the shape of announcements, but it brings no unusual surprise in the shape of actual performance. In fact, one regards the Opera Season with much the same feeling as that with which Darby regarded Joan. "Always the same, Darby my own; Always the same to your old wife, Joan." In those terms one invariably addresses Covent Garden, in thought, if not in actual phrase, from the day when, with much excitement, one begins the Season, to the day when, with much regret, one hears at its end the last notes of the National Anthem. There are, however, many words of praise to allot to the new scheme with which it will be necessary for Covent Garden Theatre to enter into a real competition with the Season which is now announced for the new Waldorf Theatre in Aldwych. Covent Garden, we hold, must always retain the affection of old opera-goers, and of lovers of the great historical past. But it would appear that devices which are customarily described upon advertisement-boards as "entirely new and original," must necessarily come into even operatic existence. Therefore, although our sentiment is entirely with Covent Garden, we trust that, artistically, a large measure of success will attend the new venture.



MISS ADA CROSSLEY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MR. FRANCIS MUECKE.

The announcement of an engagement between the well-known contralto singer, Miss Ada Crossley, and Mr. Muecke, a graduate of Adelaide University, now engaged at the London Hospital, has been received with much interest in the musical world. Mr. Muecke, who met Miss Crossley on the liner "Wakool," is the son of the Hon. H. G. R. Muecke, M.L.S., of Adelaide, and is a well-known athlete. It is understood that, after the wedding, Mr. Muecke and his wife will settle in Australia.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

rarely been successful, and Mr. Henry Russell, who personally conducts the whole of the scheme in question, is indeed nobly audacious in attempting to succeed where so many others have failed. We wish him every success. His is a very difficult task, and nobody has the right to blame any man who, with ambition at his heart, attempts to realise publicly that same ambition.

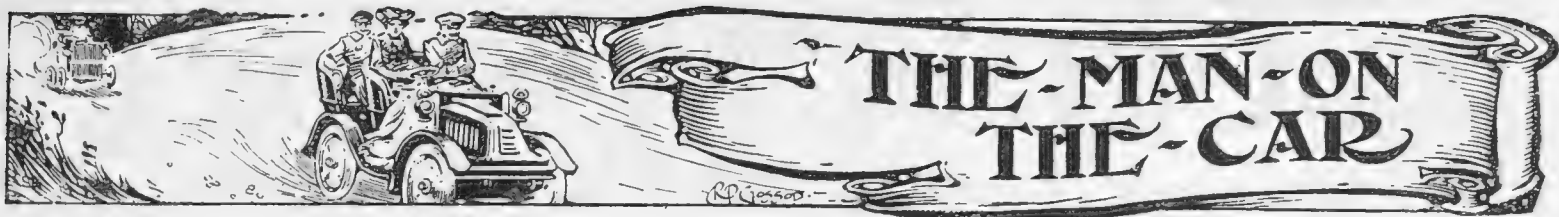


MASCAGNI AT WORK ON HIS NEW OPERA, "AMICA," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT MONTE CARLO.

Signor Mascagni's new opera was produced at Monte Carlo recently with much success. The music is said to be extraordinarily descriptive and worthy of M. Paul Choudens' libretto, which is described as a dramatic poem in two Acts.

Photograph by Abeniagar.

Signor Busoni is one of the most brilliant of modern pianists. His appearances are never heralded by lengthy advertisements; nevertheless, whenever he plays his great success is assured; and he achieved such a success at his last Recital given at the Bechstein Hall. Beethoven, as the phrase was used by Wagner, "under his fingers" is always massively classic and splendidly emphasised. He, however, possesses that rare quality of sympathy whereby he not only excels in Beethoven, but has also a most brilliant feeling for such composers as Chopin and Liszt. Perhaps the sole point in which Busoni shows any weakness in his armour is in his own "transcriptions" of works by great writers for the pianoforte. His Bach playing was not very stimulating, but, of course, as Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch would point out, that is because we use, nowadays, an entirely different instrument from that for which Bach wrote. COMMON CHORD.



THE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL—THE FUTURE OF THE ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE—THE ISLE OF MAN TRIALS—TYRE FITTING.

EXCEPTING the introduction of several new small cars, with little or nothing to recommend them, the Agricultural Hall Motor Show, which closed its doors last Saturday, was not particularly remarkable for interest or novelty. So far as one could judge, the attendance throughout the week was very sparse compared with that of last year or the thronged gangways at Olympia last month. The public have been so crammed with Motor Shows that all save enthusiasts and those who have resolved to purchase since Olympia have not cared to scale the heights of Penton, in further search of matters automobile. Even such novelty-producers as Dunhill and Gamage had scarce had time to present the something new without which they would scarcely care to attend an Exhibition. Marvellous to relate, I could not find a new carburetter—a novel experience at any Motor Show—for, be the inventor expert or inexperienced,

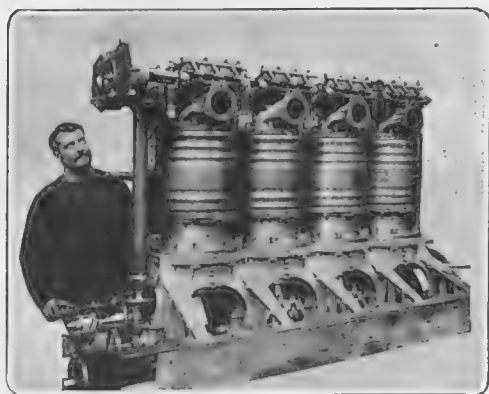
it is the nasty tricks and manners of the carburetter for which he fondly prescribes with greater or less success. If there was one thing more than another that was worthy of attention, it was the three-cylinder National car, a vehicle of British design and construction throughout, of which more will, I am sure, be heard in the future.

I have no doubt that many readers of these columns own or are interested in electrically driven vehicles, and marvel from time to time that the subject of electric traction is not more frequently

Equally weatherproof with the "Strom," the "Slip-on," to my mind, is a more comfortable thing altogether.

The people and Government of the Isle of Man have a keen eye to their own interests. The Bill to allow the Eliminating Trials for the Gordon-Bennett race to be decided over last year's course went through the House of Keys without any trouble, and now only requires the Royal Assent and the convention of a special Tynwald Court for its promulgation. The Eliminating Trials will take place on May 23 next, a Tuesday, but visitors to the Isle of Man will be able to see a good deal of the cars taking little exercise-canters before the day.

It behoves our tyre experts to look to their laurels, for, by the published figures, I note that, in the matter of inner-tube replacement under road conditions, we stand at the bottom of the list. Tyre-fitting competitions have been held in connection with Motor Exhibitions from time to time, a record of 2 min. 59½ sec. being reported from the Berlin Show this year, while the winning performance in the competition promoted lately at Olympia by the Continental Caoutchouc and Tyre Company was 5 min. 48½ sec. It is not certain that the conditions in these two competitions were exactly the same, and, unless they were, comparisons are odious. At Olympia the wheel was set upon a spindle which was far from firm vertically; indeed, it frequently lifted up into the air, and had to be held down by the officials. Those who promote these interesting competitions in future would do well to see that they are all held as nearly as possible under the same conditions, and then comparisons could be made. At Olympia, tyre experts in the employ of the Tyre Companies were barred, so that it was practically a driver's competition.



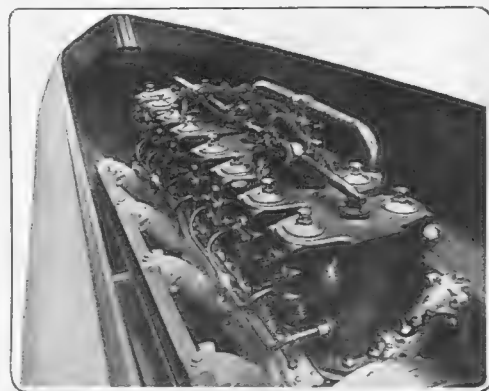
THE MACHINERY OF A COMPETITOR AT THE MONACO MOTOR-BOAT MEETING: THE 300 H.-P. MOTOR FOR M. DUBONNET'S CRAFT.

M. Dubonnet's motor-boat, which has been constructed by Delahaye, is four-cylindered, and will run in the race for 15-mètre craft.

Photograph by Branger.

dealt with in these notes. The reasons underlying my apparent neglect will be found in a paper read before the Automobile Club lately by Mr. T. G. Chambers on "The Future of the Electric Automobile." The petrol-car is, and will long remain, a sporting, touring, pleasure vehicle. It possesses character, exhibits individuality, and occasionally shows temper, which, though it sometimes may inconvenience, most certainly endears it to its owner, when that owner plays a man's part, cons, steers, and adjusts it himself, and finds pleasure in the work. Reliable as petrol-engines are to-day, no two are ever alike, and the man who studies their idiosyncrasies—and they have many—will get better service from them than he who regards them as stockish metal unworthy of consideration. Mr. Chambers admits in his paper that the electric carriage will not be the touring-car of the future. Indeed, he says that under touring conditions in the open country the advantages of the electric carriage are insignificant. He might have said they don't exist, because they really don't. I have never known any automobilist who evinced affection for a box of lead plates and a dynamo, but I have known many really love their petrol-engines.

Time was when the umbrella-coat, or auto-saque, was the beginning and end of motor wear against the weather; but the Dunlop Rubber Company, which is the licensed manufacturer of Strom's patent Umbrella-Coat, has, in my opinion, gone one better with a waterproof garment, made on the lines of the "Strom," and termed the "Reversed Slip-on." This garment is of the smock order, with wind-cuffs and slits for hands—the latter quite a boon—but without the tightly embracing, choking rubber neck, which, in the "Strom" garment, always suggests submarine operations. The collar of the "Slip-on" is kept high and stiff, and is lapped over and secured at the back, where, for some eight or ten inches down, there is a fly-fastening.



THE ENGINE OF A COMPETITOR AT THE MOTOR-BOAT MEETING AT MONACO: THE MOTOR OF AN EIGHT-CYLINDER 100 H.-P. CRAFT.

Vessels with engines of as much as 300 horse-power will figure in the races, and it is fully anticipated that records will be broken.

Photograph by Branger.



THE ECCENTRIC IN AUTOMOBILES: PRINCE ORLOFF'S NEW CAR.

Photograph by A. Baydière.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

LIVERPOOL—THE GRAND NATIONAL—CROSS-COUNTRY JOCKEYS—EPSOM—JOCKEYS TO FOLLOW.

I HOPE those people who witness the Grand National this year for the first time will take a note of the practical methods employed in working the railway traffic from Liverpool to Aintree. By the barrier system in use, the trains are filled and emptied without a hitch in two or three minutes at the outside. First and third class passengers cannot intermingle, and the trains need not be overcrowded.

True, the flag system is in vogue during the race-meeting, but it is worked on a very safe plan, and there is never an accident, despite the fact that trains follow each other to the platform in quick succession. The railway officials are firm, but polite; and they are far more intelligent than many of the men who work the Southern lines. Two classes, first and third, are found to be quite sufficient to meet the demands of the racegoing public. It is now easily possible to leave London on the Friday morning and travel to Aintree (without change of carriage), see the race for the Grand

riders confidence. It is bad enough to see some of the older jockeys riding in races just now, especially after they have had their lunch-beer, and it will never do to add to the misery by allowing incompetent youngsters to play ducks and drakes with a big field of horses. A very large percentage of the broken limbs is caused by horses being struck into, which proves incompetence, or sheer, downright wickedness on the part of the offending jockeys, and, upon my word, taking the Turf world as a whole, I think the incompetent fool does more harm than anyone else.

The Epsom Spring Meeting will take place on April 25 and 26, when there should be a bumper attendance, as the Cockneys dearly love a day on the Downs. I walked the course a day or two since, and found it the pink of perfection, thanks to the care and attention bestowed on the track by Mr. H. M. Dorling, who, by-the-bye, should be called on to see to the track at Brighton, where he is also Clerk of the Course. There will not be many runners for the Great Metropolitan, and, if Mark Time has retained his last year's form, he should go close, despite the fact of having nine stone to carry. Cliftonhall, trained by Powney at Grateley, under the eagle eye of Captain Bewicke, should not want for backers, and the champion hurdler-racer, Karakoul, is a very likely candidate, as he is a stayer and goes fast; and Sandboy may be selected in the place of Mark Time, although I think he has a better chance for the Chester Cup. The City and Suburban will provoke plenty of speculation on the eve of the race, as the gambling owners like to go for each other's money in this race. I do not fancy grey horses, as a rule, yet I feel disposed to advance the claims of Nabot. The horse is reported fit and well, and the course should suit him. Queen's Holiday from Fallon's stable is another well-kept good thing, but 8 st. 5 lb. is quite enough even for a good four-year-old to carry in a spring handicap.

At the commencement of each flat-racing season some speculators look out for jockeys to follow, although putting money on jockeys' mounts does not pay in the long run. True, the followers of the late Fred Archer and of Tod Sloan had a right royal time until the bookies cut down prices. I think Maher will pay for following, especially when the warm weather arrives, as he seems to display his best form when the thermometer tells of a hundred degrees in the shade. Madden is a resolute finisher, at all events, and he should do his persistent followers some good. Of the apprentices, Anderson, Pike, and Saxby will, no doubt, be well patronised by owners with likely animals, but they will soon have to give up the allowance. I am told that several of the old-fashioned trainers have for the first time been tutoring apprentices; and there should be no lack of good light-weight riders this year. I think the day of big retainers is nearing its close, as owners who have paid dearly for the services of some of the fashionable jockeys have

tired of the game. It is bad enough to have to pay the exorbitant refreshers demanded by some of the apprentices, but this is a luxury compared with the big retainers given in the past to some of the fossilised performers in the saddle.

CAPTAIN COE.



MOIFAA'S JOCKEY: GEORGE WILLIAMSON.

Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

National, and get back to town before eleven o'clock at night. These excursions are wonderfully well patronised by business-men who could not spare a second day for the meeting.

"Will His Majesty's horse Moifaa win the Grand National?" is the question that has been asked by hundreds of sportsmen during the last three weeks. I, for one, think that he will. Moifaa, according to Mr. Spencer Gollan, his late owner, is a 14-lb. better horse now than when he won last year. He is a safe jumper, and stays for ever. Williamson, who will have the mount in the race, has won over the course on Manifesto, and he is said to be in the best of health and spirits at the present time. True, the King's horse has to give Kirkland 10 lb. more than last year, and the latter is said to be very fit, but Moifaa, in my opinion, gave his opponent a good 20-lb. beating last year. Detail will, I think, finish in the first three, while Dearslayer is a likely one to run well. He will be ridden by Mr. Hastings, and it is a fact that amateurs always ride well on the Grand National course; although they do not win, all of them train. The best bit of amateur riding I have seen in the race of late years was that displayed by Captain Campbell when he was successful on The Soarer. I had seen him previously ride the mare to victory at Sandown Park, which was his first winning ride in this country. The amateurs train for the Grand National, and it is a pity some of the "pros" cannot be persuaded to follow suit.

Several complaints have been heard of late as to the incompetence of stable-lads who are put up by some trainers in cross-country races, and the general opinion is that boys should be made to pass some sort of examination before being granted a licence under National Hunt Rules. An incompetent rider not only brings disaster to the backers of his own mount, but, in addition, he often interferes with other animals in the race. Why not start some novices' hurdle-races and steeplechases for riders who have never steered a winner under National Hunt Rules? These contests would, at least, cause no end of amusement, and they would prove useful schools to give the young



THE HERO OF THE GRAND NATIONAL: HIS MAJESTY'S MOIFAA.

As every sporting-man knows, His Majesty purchased Moifaa after the death of his Grand National horse, Ambush II., for, it is said, the sum of 2500 guineas. Moifaa, who is by Natator—Denbigh, is 9 years old, was bred in New Zealand, and won the Grand National last year. Everyone will wish His Majesty the best of luck on Friday.

Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE number of superfluous women in the world, whom nobody seems to want and who are always wanting something to do, is, unhappily, not decreasing. Women are increasing in numbers, if we are to pin our faith to statistics, while "mere man" does not exhibit a growing fondness for what have been described with some truth as the bonds of matrimony. So the surplus of eternal feminine is eternally evident wherever one goes. The ordinary channels of employment are full to overflowing with self-supporting members of the gentler sex, and, though the governess is less frequent than of yore, we have women in a dozen other industrial guises and

meet an occasion. I cannot see why lady teachers of the craft should not thrive also as well as lady drivers. A woman's intelligence and quickness should fit her for the part now, more especially as there is no exhibition of physical force required, as in the case of the old-fashioned motōrs. It seems to me, in fact, that, if a school were started for the training of lady drivers, a "felt want," to use base newspaper jargon, would be supplied.

The strange titles showered by the Italian papers on Signor Marconi's Irish bride remind one of the "Sir Smith" and "Milor Robinson" of the Gallic boulevardier. By the way, Miss O'Brien's delicately dainty trousseau, from the bridal ivory satin veiled in chiffon and Limerick lace to the last monogrammed mouchoir, was accomplished by Lee, of Wigmore Street, whose fame as a maker of delectable lingerie and chiffons generally has gone before.

One of Lee's inventions, the "Leewig" petticoat-top in spun silk or mercerised stockinette, or even suede leather for hard wear, has a world-wide fame. Silk flounces as attachments can be had in any colour, and for travelling or *grande tenue* the "Leewig" skirt is equally suitable and smart.

Though this is not a letter-writing era, people are a good deal given to airing their opinions in print at so much a column, and



THE EARLY SPRING FASHION.

disguises, until it would seem as if the Roman Emperor's drastic method of suppressing undesirables remains the only hope for out-rivalled man. The plan of loading up a few disabled barques with unnecessary and superfluous members of the community and sinking the same in thirty fathoms of sea-water was really a method that had its excuses. Never does one realise how many unappropriated elderly ladies of Anglo-Saxon origin exist until a progress through foreign hotels reveals their existence. France and Switzerland overflow with them, and where they come from and precisely for what they exist remain unanswerable problems. If some enterprising financier would build one of the Garden Cities we hear so much of and colonise it with the disagreeable ancient Britons of both sexes, the project might pay. The Clubs, at all events, might not be unresponsive over the removal of that particular variety of old warrior who appropriates all the best arm-chairs, sits on all the newspapers he is unable to read, and eternally anathematises the food, the charges, and the management. There are others that would not be missed, but for this particular variety the scuttled ship or the remote settlement should be offered as irrevocable alternatives.

Seriously, though, there is a present and a very profitable opportunity for the energetic and unemployed young woman of the moment in the character of a "chauffeuse," if one may coin a word to

A SMART COAT AND SKIRT AT CHARLES LEE'S,
WIGMORE STREET.

I have seen quite a number of essays, reflections, and opinions (well paid for, I hope) on the "softness" and luxury of the present age of late. Doubtless, we do display a fondness for well-padded chairs and decently cooked food; but there is a distinction, not to say a middle course, between the Spartan and the Sybarite; and that our dear, departed grandfathers knew how to extract the last drop out of life as far as their rushlights went there is not a doubt. Of our grandmothers one speaks in a more grateful, appreciative, post-mortem spirit—their carefully kept china, their jams, their exquisite embroideries; for how much have we not to thank their

gentle labours! And apropos, Heal and Son have sent me the most delightful little booklet about "Old-fashioned Fabrics," as it is entitled, that can be imagined. They introduce and reproduce fabrics copied from a dozen classic sources—from French silk hangings of the seventeenth century, from Portuguese embroideries of the sixteenth, from chintz out of the Somerset of 1600, even from Russian laborious cross-stitch, as from Jacobean groupings of quaint birds and impossible pomegranates. These styles, which have

the intrinsic value of exquisite colouring and design, as well as the romantic one of antique association, are produced in cretonne, chintz, brocade, and silk by the ever-artistic Heal's. Many hail from originals at the South Kensington Museum, others from the conservative private collector. All are charming to look upon and delightful to own. The spring-cleaning matron or the house-furnishing bride will equally appreciate their possibilities on viewing the originals at Tottenham Court Road, or the photographs contained in the before-mentioned booklet.

SYBIL.

An enterprising cigar-merchant has hit upon the brilliant idea of sending boxes of cigars to well-known persons—soldiers, doctors, lawyers, and so on. With them he encloses a letter apologising for sending cigars without an order, but saying that the brand is such a good one that he is sure the recipient will be pleased with them. At the same time, he sends the bill, and nine persons out of ten keep the cigars and pay for them. But, the other day, this smart tradesman caught a Tartar. He sent a box of a hundred

cigars and a bill to a famous physician, who comfortably smoked the cigars, and then wrote to the sender, saying that he found them to be of a very fair flavour, and in return he enclosed a couple of prescriptions for ordinary ailments which he was sure the cigar-merchant would find very useful. He added that, by a strange coincidence, the value of the two prescriptions was exactly that of the box of cigars.

The Grand Duke Serge, who will very shortly go out to Manchuria, is two years younger than his cousin of the same name who was assassinated a few weeks ago. He is the youngest son of the Grand Duke Michael, the only surviving son of Czar Nicholas I., and for the past year has been acting in place of his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, as Inspector-General of Artillery. He is going out to the Far East to see about the re-arming of the Russian Field Artillery with new guns, as the gun at present in use is said to be a defective weapon in many respects.

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March 29, 1905.

Signature.....

The German Old Soldiers' Associations are very careful in seeing to the graves of those of their comrades who fell in the Franco-Prussian War, and for many years past the old soldiers of Avricourt have kept up a simple grave in a wood between Réchicourt and Lorquin, which bore the inscription: "Here rests a comrade who fell by the wayside in the war of 1870." The villagers have always declared that no man was ever buried there, and used to chaff the old soldiers about their comrade, so at last the Association decided to open the grave and see if they could identify the warrior. They took the village doctor with them, and, after digging some time, they found the skeleton of a horse, but no sign of any human remains. It is now recognised that the "comrade" was the favourite charger of an officer of an Uhlan regiment which was for some time quartered near the spot, who put up the stone to mark the place where his faithful horse was buried.

Mr. Harry Godfrey, son of the late Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, is meeting with much success with his "Silver" string-orchestra, so named from the fact that the excellent performers composing it wear uniforms ornamented with silver. The splendid quality of the band has been commented upon at several notable country-house dances and at a number of important London functions. Mr. Godfrey has made a point of engaging English musicians only, and is very proud of the fact.

The Gramophone Company has just acquired from the Hon. E. C. A. Parsons, of turbine fame, and Mr. Horace Short patents of an invention by which the Gramophone will be enabled to sound as loud as a full brass-band in the open air. This new invention, the Auxetophone, will also allow speech to be easily followed at a distance of from two to five hundred yards. The Gramophone Company, by the way, is starting a national library of voices of famous people, and will offer it to the British Museum.

There has just been issued, under the editorship of Mr. Ralph Shirley, a "monthly magazine devoted to the investigation of supernatural phenomena and the study of psychological problems," entitled the *Occult Review*. The magazine is published by William Rider and Son, 164, Aldersgate Street; and the third number, which is before us, contains "Some Experiments in Hypnotism," "Merionethshire Mysteries," and other matters likely to be of interest to its public.

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WATERLOO:

THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

After R. Caton Woodville.

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CRESSY, POICTIERS, BLENHEIM, RAMILLIES, PLASSEY,
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THE PUBLISHER, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 172, STRAND,
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 11.

MARKET NOTES.

THE comparative quiet which we noticed last week has continued, but, with every indication of cheaper money after the turn of the quarter, and rumours of peace in the Far East, which, despite official denials, grow more persistent and circumstantial every day, the prospects of steady improvement are distinctly encouraging.

Our readers will probably remember that we have said many hard things about James Nelson and Sons, Limited, in the days gone by, but now we hear the shares, especially the Preference shares, should be bought. The report about to be published will be a good one, and there has grown up such a prejudice against the Company, and the financial methods by which its securities have been turned into gambling-counters, that they are unduly cheap. The First Preference shares amount to £150,000, and take a cumulative dividend of 6 per cent., with an additional 1 per cent. when the Second Preference and Ordinary have received the same dividend. If our informant is correct, these shares, which are dealt in at 1 to 1½, will certainly receive 7 per cent. this year, and there is a year's arrear of dividend to come as well. They certainly look a tempting purchase at present price.

Our estimate of the Argentine Railway dividends appears to be coming true very quickly, more quickly than we expected when we wrote.

The Westralian market seems fated never to be free of scandals. No sooner have we done with the Boulder Deep affair than a Hannan's Trust corner is engineered, and one of the most popular firms of jobbers in the market have to declare themselves defaulters because, after they have been asked to make prices in the shares, they find themselves three hundred short. In our innocence, we had imagined Mr. Bottomley was expending his energies on growing turnips or breeding bloodstock, whilst all the time he was planning a *coup* wherewith to convince us of how superior a person he is to the late Mr. Whitaker Wright. We never doubted it. Our sympathies are with Messrs. Richard Davis and Co., but, after all, they should have known what they were about.

THE LATE MR. JOHN MORRIS.

The death of Mr. John Morris, the senior partner in the firm of Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Co., removes one of the best-known and most popular personalities from the circle of higher City finance. For more years than we can remember, Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Co. have been the most conspicuous Company Solicitors in England; and although of late the senior partner left much of the conduct of the firm's legal business to other and younger men, he continued to fill several important financial positions, such as Chairman of the River Plate Trust, up to the day of his death. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-two, and was in the City and at work up to the last day. There was no more interesting man to meet in private life than the late Mr. Morris, whose memory extended back to the historic panic of 1866, and one of whose proudest recollections was the reconstruction and reopening of the Consolidated Bank after the fateful "Black Thursday," when Overend and Gurney's failure demoralised the City. In later times, the National Telephone Company and the Central London Railway owed their inception and much of their success to his untiring advocacy. Mr. Morris's personal popularity was very great. His experience and his knowledge were always at the disposal of his friends, and upon the occasion of his Golden Wedding, last year, it was determined to present him with his portrait; in a very short time, Sir John Puleston obtained subscriptions exceeding £800, while the scene at the presentation will long remain in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present. There are many familiar figures in the City who could well be spared, but John Morris was not one of them.

AMERICAN SEESAWS.

In welcoming the caution that is being addressed to the United States by some of the principal brokers in the Wall Street Stock Exchange, we would add the hope that such warning may not lose any of its force in crossing the Atlantic. However good the Yankee Market happens to look at one particular moment, it is time to recognise that prices have reached a high general standard, to go beyond which might lead into the paths which run straight to collapse and slump. The

dividend-paying roads are earning, we know, sufficient to allow of the distributions being very largely augmented in many cases—notably, the Union Pacific and the Atchison; but as a sensational increase of dividend would be condemned as bad finance, the current prices are too high for justification, if we take the present dividends and add a small extra percentage to them. Those who are prepared with capital and patience to see the game through have now a fine opportunity for selling bears of the popular gambles, although we should hesitate to include Unions, from the ease with which the shares could be manipulated and cornered. Peace in the Extreme East is a bull point for Yankees, it must be remembered, although doubt may be pardoned as to whether this influence is not already discounted to a large extent. We look for no immediate shake-out in Americans, but fancy that the time is not so far distant when the bears will get their long-deferred innings.

THE DEMAND FOR INDUSTRIALS.

Kaffirs having assumed the dishonour of being the most stagnant of the "active" markets in the House, Industrials are fully alive to the need for maintaining their newly found attractiveness to the public. From being the most inert of all departments round the Stock Exchange, Industrials have strode into the front rank of animate, and public inquiry is busy with all sorts of Miscellaneous and Commercial issues. If prices of the speculative counters have

tapered off here and there, the more solid descriptions more than maintain their ground. Lyons took on a fresh lease of life with the contracts recently acquired on the Chatham Railway and at the Freemasons' Tavern, and perhaps the bow might be drawn at a venture and still get near the mark in suggesting a possible new issue of capital in the near future. Aërated Breads have found their present level and are not likely to droop lower, while Slaters go quietly ahead, with good prospects of putting on another half-a-sovereign to their price. British Westinghouse Preference have recovered from 50s. to 3½, and the trades connected with iron and steel are, we understand, doing much better. There are excellent reasons for anticipating improvement in Harvey Steel shares, which ought not to be sold on any account; and there has been a deal of "good" buying recently in Armstrong shares.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

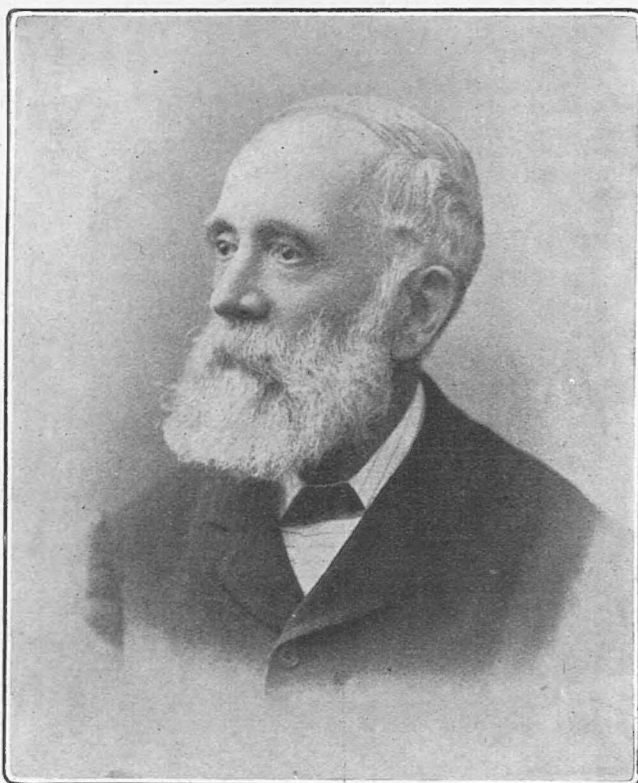
Everyone tells us that we mustn't mind a lull in business after having "made our fortunes" during the past month. People seem to have vague ideas about the ease with which fortunes are made. Another six months' hard, steady work would still leave some of us without the "fortune" that outsiders consider is within the grasp of every member of the House. The elusiveness of money, its atrociously fluid character, might be made the subject of an Alfred Austin poem; it would certainly attract a little attention from the public, and that

would be something. Oscar Wilde, in "De Profundis"—that pathetic apotheosis of conceited humbleness—says that "those who have much are often greedy; those who have little always share." If we were free to choose, I wonder on which side we would rank ourselves, and whether the decision, if it were capable of being changed, would swing from one side to the other, or remain for ever stationary? However, Dr. Johnson himself declared that "there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." So there you are.

If Mr. Newby had asked at the Bank of England meeting what were the prospects for cheaper money, we might have been more grateful to him than we are for his complaints about the thickness of the paper upon which dividends on Consols are printed. If the Bank Rate does not recede to 2 per cent. within the course of the next week or two, we shall find business badly checked, instead of its merely halting, as it is at present. The March "boomlet" having been built largely upon the chance of cheaper money, failure of the Bank to reduce the minimum can only result in further depreciation of gilt-edged values. But the authorities, as well as the financier in the Street, are hopeful of the expected 2 per cent. being announced, in which case the marking-time of investment is not likely to prove anything worse than temporary.

Money, of course, is the key-note of the position in the Home Railway market. If deposit rates fall to a half or to 1 per cent. a new source of capital will be tapped and diverted to the Stock Exchange. Some demonstration will be necessary to assure the public that the market is not wholly dead; some animation must be displayed by prices if people are to be attracted to Home Railway stocks again. Because the average investor is not buying Home Rails in any quantity. He distrusts them rather, and the character of the traffic returns for the first three months of this year is not sufficiently good to act as a magnet of itself. However, with the veering round of fashion, the stocks will certainly have their own turn sooner or later, and, provided money becomes cheap, it is fairly certain that such high-class 3½ per cent. investments as the "Heavy" stocks provide will receive some of the popular favour they enjoyed heretofore. Both the new Brighton issues are cheap and will go better. Great Eastern looks fully-priced, although it is so great a favourite with the public that the quotation may go to par. Nevertheless, it would be safer to put money into some of the others. Not Districts, though, which are dearer even than Doras.

That Siam should be able to command 5 per cent. more than Japan in issuing a loan appeals to some of us as being somewhat ironical. A keen critic of finance asks why the credit of the Argentine Republic stands lower than that of a country like Siam, whose principal claim to popular acquaintance consists in being the final



THE LATE MR. JOHN MORRIS.

Photograph by Lauro, Nice.

word in a "catch" sentence containing cruel self-depreciation when sung to the tune of the National Anthem. The success of the Siamese Loan will probably encourage some others. Why not Cochinchina Fives, Bangkok and Malacca Municipal Sixes, or Tonquin 3 per cent. Consols? There are lots of places left even now where no local debt exists with a quotation in the London market, and, in view of the eagerness with which we have pelted after Siamese bonds, a twin issue from some neighbouring country will surely not tarry in its coming. It is easy enough to fall into a violent rage with promoting houses for bringing out so many new things, one on the top of the other, but only a wholesome failure or two convinces the paper manufacturer that the public are "fed up," to adopt an expressive vulgarism. There still remains plenty of money available for investment. Where the promoters have made several recent mistakes lay in supposing they could get whatever price they liked to ask for their wares.

Argentine Government Loans ought to be cheap, all things considered. As a good though possibly short-lived investment, Japanese 6 per cent. bonds of either issue are, perhaps, cheaper; but, since they may be redeemed in a couple of years, the security is more or less of a long-dated bill. The Fives, too, can be repaid at early dates should Japan care to exercise her option of doing this, and this thought will keep the prices of the Sixes, and the Fives as well, within fairly narrow touch of par. But the new $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. issue has a full ten points for possible advance in value, and the Fours will, naturally, keep within proportionate distance. I was, however, speaking of Argentine Government Bonds. All the loans are worth picking up at their current quotations, and the risk involved is becoming less and less with every year of immunity from organised rebellion. The Republic and its people see well enough on which side their bread is buttered, and the love of internecine strife is surely giving way to a sense that business pays far better than fighting. The Railways, as was set out in these columns last week, are doing brilliantly, and the recent Rosario dividend, making 6 per cent. for the full year, coincides with the prophecies expressed here eight or nine months ago. That the price of the stock fell upon the declaration is nothing to be surprised at, considering the size of the bill account, the disposition to take profits, and the general atmosphere of restraint in making fresh purchases on the shady side of the quarter. That Rosario Ordinary will ultimately go to 120 I have no more doubt than that Canadas will reach 175, Grand Trunk Pacific Debentures 105, and Consols 95. Of course, it will take time for these little prophecies to culminate, but there they are.

The slashing defeat of the jobbers who wanted to abolish the taking of commission from buyer and seller in the same transaction, gives the quietus to this movement for at least another ten months. The fact that they have the Stock Exchange against them stands out with the clear-cut vividness that distinguishes heroes and heroines in a novel by Maxim Gorki. A substantial body of opinion amongst the jobbers themselves was, and is still, against restriction of any kind being placed upon the free trade which has made the Stock Exchange what it is, and has been mainly instrumental in causing the £12 shares to stand at something like twenty times this value. There are many dealers, however, who absolutely decline to do business with a member of the public, except through the agency of a broker. One of the most respected men in the House was saying only the other day that on several occasions he had been called out to the door by strangers, who bluntly proposed transaction of business direct, having seen the dealer's name on the contracts supplied by brokers to these economically-minded clients. Another jobber told me yesterday that, so far from inviting orders from country brokers, he discouraged them altogether: would have nothing to do with them unless sent in the ordinary way through a London broker, explaining that the business was really not worth the doing. And this is a man with the cream of the trade in an important section of the mining markets, where shunting has been raised to the

level of a fine art, and where a turn of three-farthings per share is a common profit. Freedom of trade in the Stock Exchange must be held inviolate, otherwise goodness only knows what may happen. If only the London and Paris Exchange had confined itself to legitimate brokerage business, instead of going into the option and tape bucket-shop profession, it might have injured the House far more than it did. The London and Paris Exchange, or any similar concern, can never become a formidable rival to Capel Court so long as it caters for the class of client who gambles on the tape or backs his fancy on an option; but where competition might become fatally effective would be in the establishment of another institution, run on Stock Exchange lines, with the freedom of trade which misguided and mischievous persons are trying to banish from our midst. That the policy of these individuals has received a blow from which it is unlikely to recover is an opinion shared by very many better-informed and further-seeing members than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, March 25, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

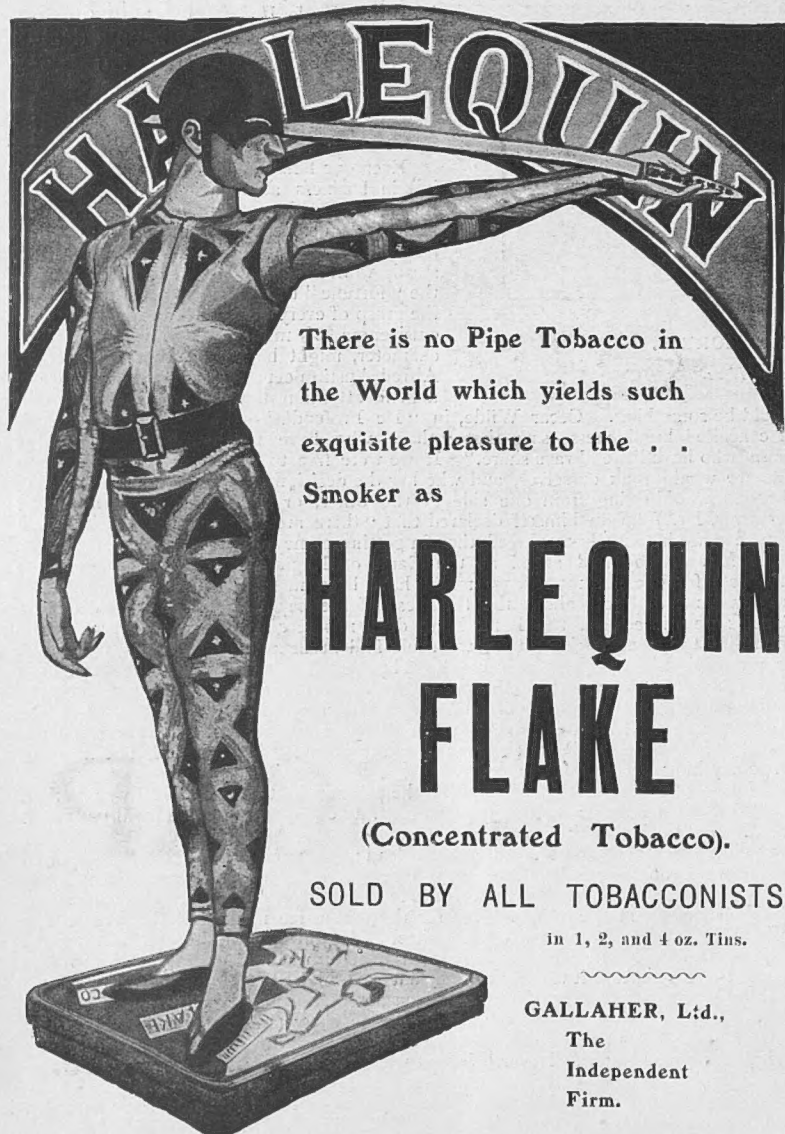
M. (Thurso).—(1) The Van den Bergh Company is generally understood to be doing splendidly, but the price is high. We hear they should still be bought. (2) The Dairy shares do not seem attractive. (3) The Mine is a fair speculation, with possibilities of a considerable profit corresponding to the risk.

E. B. M.—Your letter was answered on the 22nd inst.

QUEENSTOWN.—(1) The Welsbach Company are the makers of three-quarters of the incandescent gas-mantles in common use. Henry Clay are the great Havana cigar dealers, and practically control the largest part of the European supply. (2) Write to the Secretary of the San Juan Company and ask price, which, we think, is about 50s. The Company's address is 42, Spring Gardens, Manchester. (3) The banker will make no charge, but he gets half the broker's buying commission.

E. S.—Your Great Southern Preference is a higher-class stock than the Pacific First Pref., and, in our opinion, the difference in price expresses accurately the difference in risk. If you can afford to run some risk, there is no objection to the exchange.

The Directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, intimate that the accounts for the twelve months' trading ending Jan. 31, 1905, after making ample provision for all depreciations, &c., and the payment of interim dividends on the Preference and Ordinary shares, enable them to declare a final dividend at the rate of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the Company, making a total dividend at the same rate per annum for the year. The sum of £5,000 has been carried to reserve.



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